R. R.

ADWAY'S
ADY RELIEF,
eapest and Best Family
dicine for Family Use
in the World.
CURES AND PREVENTS
Coughs,
Stiff Neck,
matism,
euralgia,
Diphtheria,
Influenza,
Sore Throat,
ficult Breathing.
EL COMPLAINTS,
Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful
om the bowels, are stopped in fifteen or
utes by taking Radway's Ready Relief.
on or inflammation, no weakness or las-
ollow the use of the Ready Relief.
first and is the
Y PAIN REMEDY
ly stops the most excruciating pains,
mation and cures congestion, whether of
Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or
e application.
One to Twenty Minutes,
ow violent or excruciating the pain it
Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous
e prostrated with disease may suffer.
ay's Ready Relief
Afford Instant Ease.
ation of the Kidneys, Inflam-
of the Bladder, Inflammation
owels, Congestion of the Lungs
rous, Difficult Breathing, Pal-
of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup
ria, Catarrh, Influenza, Head-
ache, Neuralgia, Rheuma-
old Chills, Ague Chills, Chill
Frost Bites, Bruises, Nervous-
eplessness, Coughs, Colds,
Pains in the Chest, Back or
ar: instantly relieved.
ation of the Ready Relief to the part or
the pain or difficulty exists will afford
ly drops in half a tumbler of water
moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour
ach, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa,
lic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Inter-
important that Every Family Keep a
pply of
AY'S READY RELIEF
house. Its use will prove beneficial on
of pain or sickness. There is nothing
that will stop pain or arrest the progress
ick so soon as the Ready Relief.
ual fever, bilious, malignant or
ious diseases prevail, such as Fevers,
ioers, Infl uenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet
onia and other malignant diseases,
Ready Relief will, if taken as di-
et the system against attacks, and if
ckness, quickly cure the patient.
ld or Chills should always carry a bottle of Rad-
Relief with them. A few drops in
ter sickness or pains from change of
better than French Brandy or Bitters as
in its Various Forms,
VER AND AGUE.
al agent in this world that will cure
, and all other Malarious, Bilious
, and other Fevers (aided by
PILLS,) so quickly as
Y'S READY RELIEF.
ty Cents per Bottle.
RADWAY'S
SAPARILLIAN
SOLVENT!
HE GREAT
D PURIFIER!
S AS SEEN AND FELT
HEY DAILY OCCUR!
USING A FEW DOSES.
ls, disorders or weakness, indi-
ation, Loss of Appetite, Nausea and
ss, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever-
ness, Constipation, Costive-
ness, Piles, Pain in the Head, Dis-
ders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Blad-
ers, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Skin and Blood Diseases, Boils, Tumors, Cancers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Syphilis, Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Gout, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gravel, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Female Complaints, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, Limbs, and all Parts of the System, Sudden Shocks, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Mental Depression, Dread, Fore-
boding of Evil, Fits, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Involuntary Discharges, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Leucorrhœa, Sterility, Pain in the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chill Fever, Ague Bites, Bruises, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Coughs, Colds, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs: instantly relieved.
Directions for using will be found in the following Symptoms resulting from such diseases: Pain or Discomfort in the Head, Frequent Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pain in the Region of the Kidneys, Pain in the Back, Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Apprehension of Evil, Dreams, Restlessness, Nightmare, Low Spirits, Hot Hands, Dizziness, Sudden Rushes of Blood to the Head, Fullness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
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BY DRUGGISTS.
the reader must consult our books
subject of diseases and their cure
be named:
d True,"
n Veritable Urethra,"
n Scrofula."
g to different classes of diseases.
ALSE AND TRUE."
ation to RADWAY & CO.
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worth thousands will be sent to
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better guarantee of the value of
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ese and worthless imitations of
e False Resolvents. Refuse and
nd ask for Radway's, and see
adway," is on what you buy.

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

JOURNAL OF

VOLUME XLIII.—NO. 6. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883. WHOLE NUMBER 2181.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING," No. 43 Milk street, (cor. Devonshire St.) (Opposite the New Post Office,) BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES Ploughman Company, PROPRIETORS

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies FIVE CENTS. No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers, its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—One square of eight lines, one insertion, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.

Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 15 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

CARE OF LAYING HENS.

At this season of the year when eggs are rapidly advancing in price, it pays to give hens a little extra attention, and pullets that are approaching the laying period should also receive extra care, that they may commence laying before the cold weather commences.

A little extra care by way of better food and a greater variety will make a great difference in the profits of a flock of fowl, either oil or young. One of the mistakes that is most frequently made in the care of fowl, is in feeding out cheap food, especially grain. Too many have an idea that anything is good enough for a hen, and so they buy poor corn because they can get it a few cents less, or they buy damaged wheat and wheat screenings; this is a very poor policy, for it not only greatly lessens the number of eggs, but it also has a tendency to injure the health of the fowl.

Nothing but the best and sweetest of food should be given to a flock of laying hens at this season of the year, because if they should stop laying when cold weather sets in, it would be very difficult to get them to lay again until after the first of January.

Hens like a variety, and always do better when given a half dozen different kinds of food. The principal food may be good sweet Indian corn; but with this should be fed oats, barley, wheat and millet. It is also important that they should have each day, a few roots, which should be boiled and mixed with wheat bran; a small ration of meat is important, also ground oyster shells and coarsely ground bone. Hens also crave green vegetables, so if confined in a small yard, they should be fed daily with green grass, as long as it can be had. When winter sets in cabbage may be used instead of grass, and on the sea shore eel grass may be laid up to feed out during the winter. This is an excellent material, and the hens are very fond of it. 50 hens will eat a small horse load of eel grass in a single winter. When nothing better can be had resort should be had to rowen, which may be chopped up and mixed with Indian meal or wheat bran, the whole wet with hot water and fed out while yet warm, or the rowen can be chopped coarsely, slightly wet, and fed without mixing with meal.

GOOD BREAD.

The art of making good bread is one that every woman should be proud to possess. The progress which has been made during the last twenty-five years has been very great, especially in New England; but there is yet room for still further improvement, for even now the rule is that the daily bread of the masses is not up to that quality which is best adapted to the promotion of health. That the constant eating of poor bread causes dyspepsia is a fact too well known to require any further evidence to prove it, and that dyspepsia is a great cause of irritability is also a well known fact; therefore in a household where poor bread is the rule, unless the members of it have an unusually good disposition, unpleasant controversys will be likely to occur.

Were we to give advice to a young housekeeper we should say, make yourself master of the art of bread making, and thus not only promote the health of the members of the household, but also aid in preventing unpleasant words caused by a disordered stomach.

Our mothers had not the material to make good bread that we have; the yeast that they used was not as well adapted to the making good bread as that which is now to be had in the grocery stores of the cities and large towns; or which any woman can now learn to make herself from potatoes.

The test of good bread is not in its lightness, or its color, but in the condition it is in while being masticated. If it sticks together while being chewed it is not good bread, whatever may be its other conditions, but if it readily divides and cru mbles in the mouth, it is an indication of good bread, because it readily absorbs the saliva which is so important to assist digestion.

There is quite as much art in baking bread as in preparing it for the oven, for to have it good it should not only be put in the oven when risen just enough, but it should be put in an oven just the right temperature; should the oven be too hot or too cold, the bread will not be as good. To bake it well it must be carefully watched, and if one side of the oven bakes faster than the other, as is frequently the case, turned as often as is necessary to have it bake even. It requires experience to know just when to take a loaf of bread from the oven to have it fully baked, and yet not done too much. Some persons believe that bread is very much improved if when taken from the oven it be at once covered with a linen cloth, and kept covered until cold. But we did not pen this article to give instructions; our object is to call attention to the subject, hoping that it may encourage improvement, and call out some of the experts in making good bread to give the details of the best methods of making the various kinds of bread.

☞From the Home Farm we learn that the four Dudley brothers in Castle Hill, Me., have raised 7000 bushels of potatoes. Two of the brothers raised 4000 bushels on fourteen acres. They also raised 125 bushels of wheat; hay, fifty tons; clover seed, two tons; herd's grass seed, 150 bushels; with their other crops making an income of not less than $8,000.

"MORE LIGHT."

A few weeks ago we published in the *Ploughman* under this heading an article from our correspondent "L. S. R." of East Marshfield, in which he complains that he does not find "a plain statement of the chemical properties of plants in any of Prof. Gossmann's analysis, or in any other chemist's work that he has seen," and suggests that the Experiment Station ought to give the farmers the analysis of a few of the leading farm products. The Station is doing all it can by way of analysing the different materials that are sent them, but the common farm crops have been analyzed so often, and published in various works, that probably the managers of that Institution have not thought it necessary to go over it again; yet it must be admitted that if the common farmer desires to know the chemical properties of any particular plant, he is at a loss to know just where to look for it, and if he desires to know the feeding value of any particular plant, he is also at loss to know just where to find it and again, if he desires to know just what particular material and how much of it any particular class of animals require, he is just as much at loss to know where he can find it. In our opinion one of the best books that has been recently published on these subjects is entitled "Feeding Animals, a practical work upon the laws of animal growth," by Elliott W. Stewart. This book is full of common sense practical suggestions, and contains numerous tables of analysis, some of which for the benefit of our readers we will publish, hoping that they will suggest to the farmers the propriety of purchasing Mr. Stewart's book.

May.

100 pounds of substance contains.....	Ash.	Potash.	Soda.	Magnesia.	Lime.	Phosphoric acid.	Sulphuric acid.	Silica.	Chlorine.	Sulphur.
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Meadow Hay	6.66	1.71	0.47	0.33	0.77	0.41	0.34	1.97	0.85	0.17
Red Clover	5.59	1.93	0.09	0.99	1.92	0.56	0.17	0.15	0.31	0.31
Green Oats	8.18	2.41	0.20	0.20	0.41	0.51	0.17	2.05	0.23	0.15
Green Fodder.										
Young Grass	2.07	1.16	0.04	0.06	0.22	0.22	0.08	0.20	0.04	0.04
Timothy	2.10	0.61	0.06	0.08	0.20	0.33	0.08	0.75	0.11	0.06
Rye Fodder	1.63	0.83	0.01	0.04	0.12	0.04	0.02	0.92		
Hungarian Millet	2.31	0.64		0.19	0.25	0.13	0.08	0.67	0.15	
Red Clover	1.31	0.46	0.01	0.16	0.46	0.13	0.04	0.04	0.05	0.05
White Clover	1.88	0.34	0.11	0.14	0.30	0.12	0.06	0.30	0.05	0.06
Green Peas	1.37	0.66		0.11	0.39	0.18	0.06	0.04	0.02	
Root Crop.										
Potatoes	0.94	0.56	0.01	0.04	0.02	0.18	0.06	0.02	0.03	0.02
Beet	0.80	0.43	0.12	0.04	0.04	0.08	0.03	0.02	0.05	0.01
White Turnip	0.61	0.31	0.04	0.01	0.08	0.11	0.04	0.01	0.04	
Carrot	0.88	0.32	0.10	0.03	0.06	0.11	0.04	0.02	0.11	0.01
Beet Tops	1.45	0.43	0.21	0.14	0.17	0.06	0.11	0.07	0.17	0.05
Turnip Tops	1.40	0.32	0.11	0.08	0.45	0.2	0.14	0.05	0.12	0.05
Carrot Tops	2.01	0.37	0.31	0.05	0.19	0.05	0.11	0.19	0.14	0.06
Cabbage Heads	1.24	0.60	0.05	0.04	0.19	0.20	0.11	0.01	0.03	0.03
Straw.										
Winter Wheat	4.28	0.49	0.13	0.11	0.26	0.23	0.13	2.82		0.16
Winter Rye	4.07	0.75	0.13	0.10	0.31	0.19	0.05	2.57		0.09
Barley	4.39	1.93	0.20	0.11	0.38	0.19	0.16	2.06		0.18
Oats	4.44	0.97	0.23	0.15	0.36	0.17	0.09	3.11		0.17
Corn Fodder	4.72	1.66	0.05	0.25	0.50	0.08	0.25	0.79		0.39
Pea Straw	4.92	1.07	0.26	0.38	1.66	0.38	0.28	0.30	0.07	
Bean Straw	5.84	2.19	0.22	0.46	1.56	0.41	0.91	0.31	0.31	0.22
Grain and Seeds.										
Wheat	1.77	0.55	0.06	0.22	0.06	0.82	0.04	0.03		0.16
Rye	1.73	0.54	0.03	0.19	0.05	0.82	0.04	0.03		0.17
Barley	2.18	0.48	0.06	0.18	0.31	0.72	0.05	0.09		0.14
Oats	2.64	0.42	0.10	0.18	0.10	0.35	0.04	1.23		0.17
Indian Corn	1.25	0.33	0.03	0.13	0.03	0.55	0.01	1.03		0.12
Millet	3.33	0.28	0.07	0.25	0.09	0.61	0.04			
Buckwheat	0.92	0.21	0.06	0.12	0.03	0.4	0.02		0.02	
Peas	3.43	0.98	0.09	0.19	0.14	0.38	0.08	0.02	0.06	0.24
Beans	2.96	1.30	0.14	0.20	0.15	1.16	0.15	0.04	0.08	0.23

It will be observed that the above being the analysis of the ash it does not include the nitrogen necessary for the growth of the different plants. To give some idea as to the amount of the different fertilisers which comes from a gross ten of 2,240 pounds o various substances after having been fed out to cattle, the following table is copied from Mr. Stewart's book, it being a table made up by Dr. J. B. Laws.

Substance.	Dry matter	Nitrogen.	Potash.	Phosphoric acid.
	lbs	lbs	lbs	lbs
Cotton Seed Cake, (decorticated)	9.00	62.3	21.0	20.5
Cotton Seed Cake, (undecorticated)	8.55	39.0	20.1	22.9
Wheat Bran	8.84	23.0	14.8	32.3
Rye Bran	8.75	23.2	19.3	34.3
Rye Flour	8.58	16.8	6.5	8.5
Sugar Beet Cake	8.26	18.0	3.6	1.0
Grains and Seeds.				
Beans	8.86	41.0	12.0	11.6
Peas	8.61	36.0	10.5	9.2
Rye	8.51	17.6	5.4	8.2
Oats	8.70	20.6	4.4	6.2
Wheat	8.56	18.8	5.4	7.6
Barley	8.60	17.0	4.9	7.3
Indian Corn	8.86	16.6	3.6	6.1
Buckwheat	8.80	14.4	2.1	4.4
Hay.				
Meadow Hay	8.47	15.5	16.8	8.8
Timothy	8.56	14.8	17.2	7.9
Red Clover in blossom	8.57	19.7	19.3	5.6
Red Clover, ripe	8.40	15.0	12.2	3.3
White Clover	8.50	23.6	9.0	4.6
Green Oats	8.34	14.7	16.1	5.3
Green Peas	8.33	22.8	25.6	9.7
Green Fodder.				
Meadow Grass, in blossom	2.00	4.8	8.0	1.5
Timothy	3.00	5.4	6.1	2.3
Oats, coming in head	1.80	3.6	7.1	1.7
Oats, in blossom	2.20	3.3	6.8	1.4
Rye, in blossom	3.00	5.3	8.3	2.4
Hungarian Millet	2.00	5.3	6.0	1.4
Red Clover	2.00	5.2	4.6	1.3
White Clover	1.90	4.0	2.4	2.0
Roots.				
Potatoes	2.80	2.4	5.6	1.8
Mangolds	1.14	.81	3.9	0.7
Carrots	1.42	1.6	3.2	1.0
Turnips	1.83	1.6	3.9	0.8

The above table will give some idea of what various plants are made of, but to fully understand just how to feed them to the best advantage, requires careful study and close observation, as well as many experiments.

There are two books entitled "How crops Grow" and "How Crops Feed" by Samuel W. Johnson, that gives a very clear idea, as to the growth and wants of plants. Every farmer in search of this kind of knowledge should have these two books, as well as the one from which the above tables were copied

GRASS ROOTS INJURED BY THE WINTER.

Last winter in some portions of the State the grass roots were badly injured on many fields. No doubt the ice which covered the ground so long done some of the damage, and the want of a covering of snow during some quite cold weather was far from beneficial. But a careful examination of many fields that were injured has led to the conclusion that most of the fields were injured because the grass roots were exposed to the sudden changes of weather. Mowing fields that had a second crop taken from them, and were then pastured until winter set in, were very badly injured by the winter, while the fields adjoining that were not pastured were not injured in the least, which is an evidence that mowing fields need some growth of grass for winter protection. It seems evident that when all of the grass is taken off, just before winter sets in, the grass roots have no protection, but are exposed to the ice and the freezing winds of winter.

It is very poor policy to feed good mowing land at any season of the year, but if it must be fed it should be in August and September. As soon as the first of October the cattle should be taken out to give the grass time to grow high enough to protect the roots. When there is no grass to protect the roots it must be a very favorable winter not to injure them.

The application of a good dressing of manure in the autumn is very beneficial to the crop of the next season, not only because it furnishes plant food, but also because it, in a measure, protects and keeps warm the grass roots.

On low land where there is a good second crop it is always best to cut it, because if left it will not decay during the winter, so that in the spring it interferes with the growth of the young grass, which will come up thin. But if it is to be cut it should always be done early enough to give the third crop time to grow one or two inches high before cold weather sets in and thus have something to protect the grass roots. If farmers would give a little more attention to the condition of their mowing fields in the autumn, the loss of grass by being winter killed would be much less than it now is.

The Horse.

THE SHOELESS HORSE.

[Cambridge (England) Cronicle.]

Mr. R. A. Lusk's horse, entered in the tradesmen's class at Darlington, for the purpose of allowing persons interested with the question of the shoeing of horses the opportunity of inspecting the feet of a horse that had done hard work on macadamized roads without shoes, attracted considerable attention. Experienced farriers, huntsmen, farmers, tradesmen, and gentlemen were to be seen in groups round the animal all the afternoon, critically examining its hoofs. The curiosity evinced was not surprising, nor the scepticism with which the various inspections were made, and not less noticeable was the general astonishment and wonder expressed at the remarkable results of Mr. Lusk's experiment. It is no universally believed (says the *Darlington Times*) that the shoeing of horses is absolutely necessary that it appeared almost incredible that an animal which had been unsound in its feet could be made sound by abandoning shoeing, and more than this, that it could, after nearly a year's regular work over country and town roads, show such perfect hoofs. The development of the feet was a constant source of wonder, and Mr. Luck, who courteously explained the circumstances of the experiment, must have been somewhat wearied at having to explain in detail so often how he had succeeded. It is not exaggeration to say, indeed it was admitted by all who saw the animal, that no horse on the field possessed four sounder or better feet, and this simply by allowing Nature to have her own way. No task is more difficult than to root out long accepted ideas, and we can scarcely expect that a tithe of those who admitted the success so clearly demonstrated will forthwith abandon shoeing as an unnecessary practice, but wherever men interested in horses congregate together, the subject will be a theme of discussion for the next nine days. Nothing more surprising was seen at the show, and not a few were convinced, against their will, that what they had hitherto regarded as impossible had actually been achieved. In many parts of the country we understand gentlemen are regularly working unshod horses, and with equally satisfactory results to those demonstrated at Darlington, and doubtless ere long Mr. Luck will find many imitators in the north.

WEANING THE COLTS.

Says the Pittsburg Stockman on this subject: "More colts are weaned at this season of the year than at any other time, consequently more careful attention should be given them just now. The habit of penning the young things up in some close stall or room in the barn in order to keep them from injuring themselves in attempting to get to their dams when in sight or hearing distance is entirely too prevalent among our farmers. At best and under the most careful treatment it is a hard time in a colt's life, and is not calculated to put it in a very proper condition for the coming winter. The change of food and the loss of the nourishment which was received from the mother, taken together with the worry and restlessness which naturally follows, generally weakens the system and reduces the colt in flesh, and that at the beginning of a season in which the most strength is needed. When the matter of weaning is properly looked after this change need not be so sudden as to seriously affect the colt. Making too sudden a change is the great mistake of many. A colt can be taught to eat almost everything that a grown horse will eat before it need be deprived of its mother's milk, and it should be so taught in every case. If circumstances will permit, the dam and offspring should be separated such a distance that they will be unable to see or hear each other. By so doing they will sooner cease worrying after each other. Every precaution should be taken against the growth of the colt being retarded at this critical point in its life. Nature is never at a stand-still, and when a young animal is not improving it must be receding; hence the necessity of keeping it moving in the right direction. Particular pains should be taken to see that young horses, and especially weanlings, go into winter quarters in good condition."

☞The editor of the *Dairy* has been figuring up the value of the corn crop of the country, and the result is rather astonishing. He says corn is a species of grass, and may be considered the most valuable grass in existence, for if we consider that there is 100 l s of dry fodder, for every bushel of grain, this product alone is equal to 87,500,000 tons of fodder, which is nearly as much as all the hay made. But there is the grain, which at 30 cents a bushel equals $525,000,000; and the fodder at $5 a ton is worth $435,000,000. Here is at a mode ate estimate a thousand million dollars of yearly product from corn. And so far as beef, pork, butter, cheese, poultry and milk are concerned, we may consider that a very large portion of them are corn.

☞The largest peach farms are in Maryland. On one estate there are 125,000 trees; in another 120,000.

Porcine.

A MAINE PIGGERY.

(Lewiston Journal.)

The Free Press says Charles T. and Fred R. Spear of Rockland, have the largest piggery in this section of the State. With the object of raising swine on a large scale, they last winter purchased a place on the west Meadow road, called the Branch Brook farm, embracing twenty five acres. On this they put some of the best blooded hogs to be had, having purchased Berkshires of Gen. Mautocks of Baldwin, and brought pure strains of Poland China and Chesters from Maryland and from Onio. They have now about eighty, all told, fifty of which are pigs from three to four years old. Mr. Charles Davis is employed to give his exclusive time to the care of the pigs and stock. The building containing the pens is 104 feet long by 24 in width, divided into 26 pens 8 by 10 feet. They are arranged on each side of the building with a four foot passage through the centre from end to end. A door opens from the walk into each pen. No more than two hogs are kept together in one pen, though there are numbers of sows with happy families of piggies almost as white as snow, or black and shinning as little spaniels. The sows are mostly good natured and allow their progeny to be handled by the keeper without serious objection. About sixty pigs have been sold during the season, fifty of which were of mixed breeds. Most of the herd were allowed to run at large in the pasture during the summer and being furnished with water for bathing, would take frequent plunges while the warm weather lasted. When given the privilege to keep clean, the hog shows by its habits that it does not naturally prefer filth, as many people suppose. There can be little doubt that an animal fed on wholesome food and kept in clean, pure surroundings will make, when slaughtered, very much more wholesome food than one raised in filth and kept reeking with corruption. Some farmers who keep a few hogs would do well to adopt the methods of the larger stock raisers instead of those which they have been accustomed to follow.

MARKET WEIGHT FOR PIGS.

[National Live-Stock Journal, Chicago.]

The style of market pig has undergone a great change within a few years. The large 400 to 500-pound hog is now seldom found. The over grown hog is no longer sought after, and pig feeding has been more carefully studied of late years. Shrewd feeders have found that for as many bushels of corn, more its carcass costs per pound. It is also found that the flesh of the large hog is coarser and stronger, and not as sweet and fine-flavored, as a ten or twelve months pig. It is true, the older and over-fattened hog yields more lard, but this does not carry profit with it, as lard often brings no higher price than the side pork. The indictment, therefore, to grow these large hogs, no longer exists, and the 300-pound pig has displaced the 500-pound pig.

The time was when pigs were raised by a slow growth, to be fattened afterwards. Farmers often kept a lot of shoats over winter without expecting them to increase in weight more than that they might have them ready to fatten the following fall. These were pastured, and given house slops through the summer, making a growth during the eight or ten months of 40 to 60 pounds. This was what was called a healthy growth! It was healthy for the pig. It was very unhealthy for the farmer's pocket, as the amount of gain was not one-half the cost of keep.

☞The horticultural editor of the *Country Gentleman* relates an experience in plum culture. He says his trees have been unusually subjec to the early dropping of the leaves, some of the late sorts not having foliage to finish the growth and maturity of the fruit. A part of his orchard was top dressed last winter with stable manure, which was subsequently worked into the soil. On this portion of the orchard the trees retained their leaves. On the unmanured part most of them lost their foliage.

Correspondence.

CORN CROP, ETC.

BY JOHN FISK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I find I have the largest yield of corn from the amount of land planted that I have ever had; one lot containing 78 rods, yielded 94 bushels of ears, all sound. Corn harvested in September, planted May 12th in drills, the kernels 5 inches apart, manured broadcast with a small amount of bone in the drill, hoed twice and cultivated three times. The corn is the eight and ten-rowed early Canada, and a sure crop. I feel provoked to think I have planted corn twenty years and have just learned how to raise it to a profit. I find that planting in drills I get twice as much as in hills, and much less work.

I like to have it ground, cob and all, and so feed with shorts, better than to feed so much cotton seed meal, having spoiled a number of cows by feeding two quarts a day. I see but little difference of quantity produced by each in this way. I turn my own products into milk. I don't think there is a great deal in a bushel of dry cobs, but when ground fine and fed together, they certainly more than pay for grinding.

This has been a good season to make improvements. I had an old wall bordering on swamp land; the wall was some twelve feet wide and twenty-one rods long, grape vines and trees growing between, making it hard work, but we got them all down out of sight. I have got rid of an eye sore and gained some of the best land on the farm.

The drought has been very severe, reducing the crops very much; pastures gave out early, and I have kept my cattle in the barn since the middle of August, fodder corn entering largely into their feed until the first of October. It seems to me that hay must be higher than usual next spring. I find that grass roots on high land are very much injured and will produce but little grass next season. What the drought left the frost took, having had frost every month but two, around here. Two such seasons may not occur again in a life time. Stirring the soil often in a dry time does a great deal of good. I went through my vineyard every other day through the month of September and the crop matured finely. The editorial for November is just splendid, everything is so well described it seems like living the season over again.

Apples are more plenty than at first supposed; four dollars a barrel, will I think, be the outside price. I was at Mr. Francis Smith's in Lincoln; he showed me four hundred barrels of nice apples in his cellar; he still had a lot more to gather. His peach yard containing four hundred trees, mostly Crawfords, are looking splendid. The winters for some years have been unfavorable for the peach; we want more snow to protect them.

Billerica, Mass.

Correspondence.

INSECTS IN THE GARDEN.

REMEDIES WHICH ARE CHEAPLY PROCURED AND EASILY APPLIED.

Dr. Sturtevant in a recent bulletin issued from the experiment station at Geneva, N. Y., says:

"Cabbage worms have been abundant and destructive. We have warred against them with tobacco water, saltpetre, alcohol, boracic acid, bisulphide of carbon, &c., but finally settled upon an emulsion of kerosene oil and soapsuds as a remedy that, all things considered, was the most satisfactory. It appears that one ounce of common yellow hard soap, one pint of kerosene oil and one and one-half gallons of water, well mixed and stirred and applied by means of a rose from a watering-pot, destroys all worms that become thoroughly wet with the mixture, and does not injure the plant. Care must, however, be taken to keep the ingredients thoroughly mixed in the pot, for if the oil is permitted to rise to the surface, so that it will pass out upon a few plants, it will prove fatal to the few, while the remainder will not receive enough of the oil to destroy the worms. In this case the kerosene is the insecticide, the object of the soap being but to thicken the liquid so as to retard, in a measure, the separation of the oil from the water. A larger proportion of soap makes the water so thick that it will not flow rapidly through the fine openings of the rose. A larger proportion of oil endangers the plant, while a smaller proportion is inefficient against the worms. There is one caution, however, to be given: If repeated applications of the mixture are made upon the same plants the more tender varieties will be destroyed or will be injured. We found on trial that where one or two applications were made, without injury to the plant, a large number of applications blighted the leaves, more or less, and five applications entirely destroyed the early varieties, while large growing and late varieties seemed uninjured even under seven dosing. The growing cabbage furnishes so many hiding places for worms that we cannot hope to destroy them all with a single application, however thoroughly it may be made. The perfect remedy should destroy the worms wherever it touches them, and should not injure the plant in the least under any number of applications.

ENTRAPPING WIRE-WORMS.

During the strawberry season we noticed that a decaying strawberry had a great attraction for the wire-worm. We frequently found as many as twenty of these worms beneath a single over-ripe or decaying fruit. This suggested that it might be possible to entrap the wire-worm by placing some sweet substance about plants that are troubled by it. Accordingly, on June 25 we placed small lumps of a mixture of molasses and wheat flour about plants of sweet William in the flower garden, which, from the early spring, had been the favorite haunts of the wire-worm. On June 29 an examination showed that our trap was a success, and we counted thirty-five worms under a lump of the mixture the size of a silver dollar. We next collected a number of the worms and placed them, with a small quantity of the soil, on an earthen seed pan and placed on the soil a lump of the same mixture, with a little Paris green added. The mixture attracted the worms as before, but, to our suprise, it did not kill them. We confined them a week in the pan, but did not see that they diminished in numbers.

PARIS GREEN AGAINST THE LARVÆ OF THE POTATO BEETLE.

One part of Paris green mixed with 200 parts of ground limestone proved entirely successful against the larvæ of the potato beetle. Great care is, however, required to secure a thorough admixture of the two substances where so small a proportion of the poison is used. In this dilution Paris green, seems to lose its danger to the human family, as we can scarcely imagine injurious results coming from its use, to the careful man.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SQUASH BORER.

Bisulphide of carbon applied to the soil about the roots of squashes for destroying the squash borer had no visible effect in diminishing their ravages. Paris green mixed with water at the rate of one part of the former to 600 of the latter by weight and carefully applied to the stems of squash plants seemed to be of benefit. We commenced using it about August 20, taking great care to first remove every borer from the stems. We have since found but few borers in the plants treated with it, although the plants were of those varieties very subject to their attacks. A careful examination made September 5, discovered but two borers in eight plants, while other plants in the same row, to which no application had been made, contained from one to three borers each. The Paris green and water was applied in this case with a watering pot having a small nose with the apertures facing downwards. The stems were wet for a distance of about two feet from the base of the plants.

We also made experiments upon a squash borer which seems to promise valuable results. This is the application of a solution of a sulphate of iron about the roots. We used this solution upon five vines about August 22. The first plant treated was of the Hubbard variety and four were of the Essex Hybrid. All these vines had been infested by borers, and at the time the application was made four of them were almost destroyed by them. The borers were very carefully removed by splitting the stem lengthwise to the centre and picking out the animal with a pair of tweezers. The solution was then poured about the roots of the plant, sprinkling it upon a circle about four feet in diameter, taking great care not to allow any to touch the leaves. In these plants we have found no borers since the application was made. The vines quickly assumed a deep green color and are still growing vigorously. The proportion used was one fourth pound copperas dissolved in a gallon of water, and a gallon of the solution was used for each plant.

We do not deem these experiments with the squash borer as in any sense conclusive. We hope to make careful verifications of them the coming season. We offer these results of limited trials, hoping that persons interested in the culture of squashes might aid us by practical trial.

PRESERVING PUMPKINS.

[A. D. Blakeslee, in Ohio Farmer.]

I have just returned from a "vacation trip" to my old home in Cuyahoga county, and, while seated at the dinner table at one of the many homes where The Farmer is taken, a pumpkin pie was passed. *I took a piece* and then told how I kept pumpkins. One who heard, said "I wish you would write that for The Farmer." It was this: Two years ago I bought of a farmer several pumpkins. We used one, now and then, all winter. About May, as I was driving along in my carriage, I came up to the wagon of this farmer, and I said to him "I have some of those pumpkins still." He asked if I was not joking? I told him that I was not and two or three weeks later I gave him one. I still had another, which I kept. Time went, and October came again, and then I gave the last one to the farmer of whom I bought it just one year before. It had not, nor had any of the others, when we cut them, begun to decay. How was it done? I remembered the words of an old man, at Chagrin Falls, more than fifteen years ago, who said to me: "I am satisfied that pumpkins can be kept, if people would only put them in a dry place, and not in the damp cellar." I put mine on the upper shelf in the pantry, where it was warm and dry. I find it pays to keep the pumpkins. A good, fresh pumpkin pie in spring, or later, is good to take.

Correspondence.

THE SORGHUM INDUSTRY.

O. F. BOOMER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I believe an appropriation of several thousand dollars was passed by the last Legislature for the purpose of aiding in the development of the Sorghum industry, here in Massachusetts. That the farmers may realise the importance of this subject, I take the liberty of presenting a few facts not generally known, and from which our farmers can estimate the vastness of the field which is open to them,

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1883.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

The election on Tuesday in Massachusetts resulted in the triumph of the Republican State ticket by pluralities varying from 9000 to 12,000. The Executive Council stands six Republicans and two Democrats, and the Legislature is reported to be Republican in both branches by nearly two thirds.

The streets of Boston in the neighborhood of the newspaper offices were full of people on Tuesday evening up to a late hour, all of them eager for the latest election returns. There has not been such a large night street gathering in a great many years.

The Old Farmer's Almanac is out already, the first in the field of annuals.

Money is abundent, and easy in the market, and the rates are low, ranging from 3 to 5 per cent.

A number of important decisions have recently been rendered by the United States Supreme Court.

In the United States Treasury are over 211 millions of gold, the outstanding gold certificates being less than 55 millions.

The Boston Wholesale Grocers' Association held its annual meeting and ate its annual dinner at Young's Hotel last Monday evening.

The American Exhibition which closed in this city last Saturday was a successful affair, and will bring forth good and abundant fruit.

France having largely cut down her claims for indemnity, an early settlement of the difficulties with Madagascar is now looked for.

Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise arrived out at Liverpool on Monday last, and were entertained at luncheon at the Town Hall, with an address from the Mayor and corporation.

The approaching annual meeting of the stockholders of the New York and New England Railroad is looked forward to with great interest, a change of President being do wn on the programme.

THE ELECTION.

A more thorough, stirring, searching, and really tumultuous political canvass was never seen in Massachusetts than the one through which the people have just passed, with the triumph of the Republican candidates, though by no such majorities or pluralities as those of past years. It would be difficult to find a village or hamlet, a district or a corner in all the State, to which the echoes of the recent canvass did not penstrate, and become living voices on their arrival. The modern style of conducting party contentions may now be considered to have been fairly adopted in Massachusetts, and henceforth it will be considered no derogation from the dignity of a gubernatorial candidate that he takes the platform himself and advocates his own cause and that of his party together. We have witnessed a contest of that sort in this State for the past six weeks, and it has been unparalleled in all respects for its warmth and earnestness. To be able to say of such a conflict that, however bitter it may have been personally, it carefully held every tendency to open violence in rigid restraint, is to say everything for a people whose feelings are so deeply excited.

The *Ploughman* of course takes no part in party strifes and contentions, since it occupies a much broader field, on which it s over and over again insisted that all mere political differences could readily meet and merge. Yet it is not, and could not very well be, so far removed from the sphere in which the spirit of current intelligence displays itself as to entirely ignore what has so long absorbed the energies of the public mind. It takes note of what passes, not in order to side even indirectly with this or that political party, but because what they finally do between themselves is of supreme interest to the general community. It therefore records the result of the recent unusual canvass, and it likewise presumes to indulge in any general commentary which the subject invites. The defeat of Gov. Butler it leaves for the treatment of those by whom it was effected; and it also leaves to the side that failed to re-elect him such reflections as they choose to give expression to in view of their failure to overcome the opposing candidate, Gov.-Elect Robinson. In a popular government one is all the time going out and another all the time coming in.

But in recognising Gov. Butler's defeat it is especially appropriate, as it is no less satisfactory, for the *Ploughman* to refer to him as having, during his brief executive term, committed himself both in act and sympathy to the cause of agriculture within the State in the most positive and effective manner. We recognize in him a stanch and reliable friend of the State Agricultural College, and one at all times ready to advance its legitimate interests. We do not hesitate to place him, therefore, among the best friends of the agricultural interests of the State that ever occupied the Executive chair. If his successor but follows his example in this respect, he will not fail to commend himself warmly to the esteem of all farmers and to the hearts of the entire farming community. We shall certainly look for the same demonstrations of friendship from him that have formed a marked feature of Gov. Butler's gubernatorial career, and only express the hope that he will proceed as far in the path of executive friendliness as he can. After all, the contests of party are easily composed on agricultural ground, where there are no rivalries nor contests but those of friendship and peace.

EARTHQUAKES.

These unwelcome and startling visitants are not such agreeable topics to write about, but they have shown such a new activity of late, that comment is a simple necessity. Let us hurriedly run over the list of earthquakes for the last few months, and then reflect whether there is not an unusual amount of energy expended by the internal forces of our still insecure planet. The list stretches over a very wide extent of territory. On the 24th and 28th of July occurred the very destructive earthquakes at Ischia, in the Bay of Naples. On the 27th of August followed the equally destructive earthquakes in Java and Sumatra. On the 4th of September Ischia was again visited, and still again on the 23d of September. On the 14th o October the island of Chios, Smyrna, and parts of Asia Minor were shaken up with great force, at the cost of hundreds of human lives. Gibraltar received a visit on October 10th., and Bermuda on the 20th. The earthquake influence still continued to play about the Mediterranean region, though flying off for a change to distant ranges of latitude and longitude. Smyrna, Trieste, and Malta received fresh shocks on the 22d. of October. No one can pretend to foretell the work which may have been laid out for them. It may be the beginning of a wide-spread and ruinous convulsion, and it may be the winding up of the whole earthquake business.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

Mr. William Mather of Manchester, England, is in this country to inquire into technical and industrial education in the United States, on behalf of the royal commission appointed by the English government. At the complimentary dinner given him at the Hotel Vendome in this city, he made a speech which contained much matter of the liveliest interest. Although he professed very little knowledge of the institutions of this country, he had nevertheless seen in various parts of Europe the products of American industries; and he concluded that there must be something back of all this, and freely offered to come here and make an investigation. And he considered that the best way to learn what science and education had done for America in subduing the forces of this great continent would be to traverse the continent itself from east to west.

He confessed that he observed on every hand a mechenical skill and an engineering originality which he could not find anywhere else in the world. In our public schools he had discovered a self-reliance and a mutual confidence between teachers and pupils, to which he ascribed a great share of the power and enterprise shown by the working population. In his opinion, the only way to train the industrial population is to bring its mind into contact with all those industrial arts which are necessary to give it a taste and a desire to engage in industrial pursuits. Our industries require greater intelligence on the part of the operatives. In the manufacture of textile fabrics, workingmen are required to possess a higher skill, greater taste, greater dexterity, and a knowledge of certain natural and scientific laws such as heretofore our workingmen never possessed and never had any need of.

He admitted that in England they were forced to follow in the direction that America has been the pioneer in; namely, to make all their contrivances in connection with mechanics as interchangeable as possible; to reduce the amount of labor in such a way as to be able to rely on the work done by the machines. And this brings us directly to the subject of technical education. Mr. Mather said he believed that, by putting into our primary and second-grade schools industrial training to the extent of making the hands dexterous in the manipulation of tools, in making the mind familiar with the various materials which go to form, and the substance employed in the various manufactures—in causing the mind of the boy often or twelve years to understand something of form, color, and proportion, and of the relation of one thing to another, and in impressing upon him that all industry is based on a law as immutable as our own being, as certain as life and death, and that these laws are simple for the child to understand, and in fact much easier to understand than some of the rules of grammar, and certainly much more useful,—by making this possible in the early years of life, he believed all our youths would be inclined to occupations which have the dignity of labor connected with them.

This would make a boy feel that he can create and produce something with his own hand. The intellectual faculties would also become sharper and keener on all sides. And a workingman would be made different from all former workingmen, and a different citizen also. Mr. Mather referred to the technical schools of Switzerland, Russia, and other foreign countries as dead failures, for the reason that the young lads, after all their training, were too proud to enter into the workshops and go through the drudgery necessary to master all the difficulties of carrying out the work on a large scale. He said of our technical schools that they appeared to him to be pervaded with a spirit of earnest determination to apply the highest scientific truths to practical work. He did not think that industrial education need cost any more than is now spent on education; only a readjustment of the money now spent is needed. He considered America the most favorable field for technical education, as well as the most favorable for the solution of many social problems which involve the welfare of the human race.

THE SUPPLY OF MEAT.

Each staple product has its regular year, just as the government has its fiscal year, and they all begin at different dates. For instance, the agricultural year begins July 1, the cotton year September 1, and the provision year November 1. So that we have just entered on the latter, and a look about on the situation and prospects is highly interesting. We find, on looking over the statistics, that the balance of foreign trade would have gone against us the last year, if our exports of provisions had not supplied the three ened deficiency. One year it is cotton that saves us in this respect; another year it is petroleum; another year it is wheat; but this year it is provisions.

Yet the price of provisions is remarkably low, and still the export trade has been very far from one of marked activity. It is a fact that in the matter of wheat Europe will be much more likely to buy briskly of us at advanced prices than at present low ones. And it will no doubt be the same in regard to provisions—pork, lard, and so forth. It would appear to be singular, if it were not a well marked trait of human nature, that a falling market frightens buyers away, and a rising market attracts them. The reason is, that when prices go low everybody hopes and expects to see them go lower still; but that when they begin to go up, they are eager to buy for fear they will go higher still. There is no tonic for the market and for trade that is so vigorous as advancing prices. When they go up, everybody wants to go up with them.

The prices of provisions have been extremely variable during the last year. Pork has come down from $21.50 per barrel to $10.30. Ribs now bring $6.75 or less, that a year ago brought $11.75. Lard is at $7.20 that was $12.10 in May. If buyers in the trade had been really shrewd, they would have laid in heavy stocks at the present low prices. This wide fluctuation in prices is ascribed mainly to the manipulation of speculators, and in no legitimate sense to any corresponding variation in supply and demand. That being so, the people have only them to thank for cheap provisions. Nobody can find fault with present prices. Nor is there any question about the abundance of the supply. We have more swine and cattle to the thousand of our population than any country in all Europe. We need have no fears of starvation, with our national larder so well stocked as it is.

It is rumored abroad that the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia will shortly marry the Princess Amelia, the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris, and that the proposed union is favored in St. Petersburg, as possibly facilitating the restoration of the Orleanists and an alliance between France and Russia.

The English trade failures which have occurred of late are ascribed to speculation. Both the grain and the cotton operators have been disappointed in the result, the reverse having occurred from what was expected.

LETTER POSTAGE REDUCTION.

Such reports as have already gained currency in relation to the General Post Office Department go to show beyond all further question that it was not only perfectly safe to reduce the rate of letter postage as has been done, but that it was an act that was waiting to be done. The revenue of the department for the last fiscal year left a surplus of $2,691,992 which was the difference between $45,508,692 of receipts and $42,816,700 for the year. The reduction having been determined on by Congress some time before, the receipts for the last half of the year naturally fell off, while the cost of preparing to carry the reduction into effect was likewise greatly augmented. The increase of postmaster's salaries entered largely into this account. But for these changes, it is estimated that the surplus revenue to the department for the year would have been about $3,700,000, and, basing the estimate upon the increase in the net earnings of the department, a surplus of between five and six millions at the end of the current fiscal year.

This alone convinces us that the time was ripe for the reduction of letter postage to a two cent rate. And even now, so favorably does the matter look all round, it is insisted in certain quarters that letters at that rate shall be allowed an ounce of weight instead of the present half ounce. The fact that the post office department was beginning to earn millions of dollars annually more than it required for its expenses is sufficient to settle the question of reduction to everybody's satisfaction.

It is quite sufficient that the department be self-sustaining; as fast as it is more than this, the surplus should be given back in some way to the people. All sorts of abuses, both positive and negative, are liable to occur with a treasury running over with money; among them are carelessness in the supply department of the business, extravagance in administering the office, jobbery of various kinds, and outright plundering. We say again, if there is a surplus taken from the pockets of the people in the post office business, it should be returned to them just as soon as possible. There are now 47,863 post offices in the country, the increase taking place chiefly in the extreme western portion of the country. Postmaster Hatton thinks the time has come to reduce the rates at the carriers offices from two cents to one cent, a deserved discrimination in favor of local letters.

Thanksgiving Day.—The President has again given uniformity to the annual celebration of Thanksgiving by appointing it this year for the 29th of the present month. The custom may therefore be said to have become national, from being originally but local. It is now pretty well settled that Thanksgiving Day is to occur on the last Thursday of November and of the autumn season. Once it would fall on an earlier Thursday in November, or early in December; so that persons living in a State where it had been already celebrated, on going into another State to transact business, might discover on getting there that it became generally known on the eve or thinking of it beforehand. One day for all the States alike is far the best.

The Green Sun.—What is called a "green sun" has recently been seen in South America and India, and it is described as one of the most remarkable phenomena observed in many years. Throughout Ceylon the same discolored appearance of the sun was observed, the phenomenon occurred in the early part of autumn. In South America it was observed on both sides of the Andes, over an extent of territory fully a thousand miles square. The discoloration continued but for one day in South America, while in Ceylon and India it continued visible for four days, from Sept. 8th to the 12th. The hue of the sun changed from a red to a blue color, according to its distance above the horizon. The people who observed it were all affected superstitiously, believing generally that the end of the world was at hand. The green appearance of the solar orb is said to have been noted in the Arctic regions, but the cases are not considered parallel. It is supposed that this discolored appearance was owing to the presence in the atmosphere of some gaseous matter, but the question is where did it come from? In both hemispheres the phenomenon appeared in the neighborhood of the equator, and not far from the scenes of recent earthquakes and volcanic disturbances.

The National Butter, Cheese, and Egg Association has accepted the invitation of the Cincinnati Produce Exchange to hold its eleventh Annual Convention in that city on the second and Thursday, the 5th and 6th days of December. The Convention, however, will assemble on Tuesday, December 4th., at 2 P. M. on Fourth street, in Smith and Nixon's Hall. The circular issued by the Association invites all to be present who are interested in the dairy and poultry business, large or small. Arrangements will be made for reduced railway fares by rebate on the return trip and for reduced rates at hotels. Any special information can be obtained by addressing R. M. Littler, Secretary National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association, Davenport, Iowa, or Chas. B. Murray, J. H. Magill, or Richard Hurd, Cincinnati, committee of invitation for the Cincinnati Produce Exchange.

The Vermont State Agricultural Society.—The annual meeting of this Society will be held at the Bardwell House, Rutland, Wednesday, November 14, 1883, at 10 o'clock A. M.

☞ *King's Handbook of Boston* has reached its fifth edition, and constantly gains in popularity. It is found to be one of those things which no Bostonian or person interested in Boston—historically, topographically, or otherwise,—can afford to be without. The compilation is clearly done with the care and tasteful fidelity of a man who is a scholar in his mental habits and associations. The illustrations are profuse and all of the first order; the text, which runs around them on all sides, is like the flow of smooth waters. The amount of biographical history which the book carries is enough to equip any one handsomely, who would be thought to possess familiarity with what deserves to be known respecting Boston. From no single source with which we are at present acquainted can the same acquaintance with this historical city of ours be derived. Mr. King has evidently performed a work of love, in which his local pride was likewise involved. He has succeeded in producing a volume that may be rated without exaggeration as classical, and one that might be expected to draw out the encomiums with which its appearance in repeated editions has been greeted. We can think of no book that would make a handsomer or more appropriate gift for the Holiday season than this really elegant Handbook of Boston by Moses King. Read and conned on the other side of the continent, it will not fail to make one homesick in reviving the familiar scenes which one will see nowhere but in Boston.

☞ Fowler & Wells of New York, issued a neat pamphlet edition of a treatise entitled "Horses; Their Feed and Their Feet. A Manual of Horse Hygiene." It is compiled by C. E. Gage, M. D.

Over 32 millions were covered by the last, or 121st. bond call, and the call has now matured. If it had been offered, the Treasury would have paid the entire amount. Another 15 million call is looked for at an early day.

INTERESTING POSTAL STATISTICS

A statement prepared for the Post Office Department shows that the total receipts from the postal service during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1883, were $45,508,692, and the expenditures, $42 816,700.—The report of the Superintendent of Foreign Mails shows that the total weight of mails dispatched to countries of the Postal Union with the exception of Canada, was 2,532,990 pounds, an increase of 329,114 pounds over the weight dispatched last year. The weight of letter mail was 431,477 pounds; of printed matter and samples of merchandise 2,051,513 pounds, an increase of 67,122 pounds of letters, and 261,992 pounds of printed matter over the weight sent last year.—The superintendent of the Railway Mail Service reports that the number of railway post-office lines in 1883 was 993; the number of miles of route for which railroads were paid was 100,827, an increase of 9 264 miles over 1882; the number of miles of railroad traveled by clerks, 86,180,430, an increase of 10,438,992 mile-; the number of pieces of mail matter handled, 3,981,-616 280, an increase of 429,922; the railway postal clerks made 958 478 errors in distribution, or 4,153 pieces distributed correctly to each error, as against 902,489 errors and 3,905 distributed correctly to each error in 1882. The number of postal clerks was 3,855, and the increase in the average salary paid each clerk was 47 cents.—[Country Gentleman.

READ AND RUN.

— The last fiscal year of the Boston and Albany Railroad is reported to have been one of great prosperity, all branches of traffic showing large gains in gross receipts.

— The Massachusetts Horticultural Society gave a Chrysanthemum Show in Horticultural Hall this week, which was a very novel and unique exhibition. It was the finest display of chrysanthemums in the country.

— The east bound shipments from Chicago last week amounted to over 42,000 tons.

— A doctor in Kiew, Russia, has recently died at the great age of 106, and superintended his large practice to the last.

— A genuine mirage was seen for a few minutes in New London, last week.

— Edwin Booth is playing at present in Boston, of course to crowded houses.

— Bicycle clubs are multiplying in all directions outside of Boston, and the wheelmen flit by like shadows.

— The whaling barque Louisa, of New Bedford, struck the polar ice on the 22d of September, and was lost with her crew of six men.

— The panic in London caused by the recent underground railway explosions, is increasing rather than diminishing.

— Gov. Butler reminded his hearers at Lowell, on the night before election, that that was the 65th birthnight of his existence.

— Col. Pond, the author of the widely known law for taxing saloons in Ohio, died in that State last week.

— It is contemplated to establish a textile laboratory and museum in Boston.

— Gen. Sherman is to have a grand popular reception on his arrival in St. Louis, where he is to take up his residence for the future.

— The city government of Portland has decided to adopt the new standard of time.

— Col. Barbour, formerly treasurer of the Willimantic Linen Company, has been elected its president.

— The country along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad is now styled — The New Country.

— The girls in certain Western towns find it necessary to organize anti-chewing-gum societies.

— There is a drug in the market, according to a German authority, that costs nearly $1,500 a pound.

— Incandescent lamps are used by Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, in his carriage lamps.

— Mr. Parnell, the Irish reformer, is reported to be losing heart; but then, the intelligence comes through English channels.

— California is sending figs of her own growth to Europe.

— There are two colored women lawyers in the United States.

— J. W. Mackey told a St. Paul newspaper reporter that mining is the most precarious business in the world, and he should know, if any one does.

— The King of Siam is a strange looking little man, but twenty years of age, and wearing nails on his fingers half a yard long. Of course he is entirely helpless,

— Anybody, says a bright correspondent, can become a Vanderbilt, with a million or so to begin with.

— The recent renewal of the water supply has tended to quicken business throughout New England.

— A lady had to pick up her glove for herself if she dropped it in the presence of the poet Whittier when he was a young man.

— A law suit has gone against the city of Chicago, mulcting it in the sum of $600,000.

— A very heavy rain storm prevailed in Chicago on Monday, at which 3¼ inches of rain fell.

— A grandson of Benedict Arnold is said to be a Church of England clergyman, and the information is also volunteered that he is a very worthy gentleman in addition.

— Rev. Dr. Huntington of Worcester has received a call to Grace Church, New York.

— Miss Clara Barton is the foremost American woman abroad, at the present time.

— Unusually pleasant and warm weather prevailed during the first of the week, for the month of November.

— Tuesday, being election day, was a legal holiday in New York.

— It has been just decided by the United States Supreme Court that the suicide of an insane person does not invalidate a life insurance policy.

— Mlle. Van Zandt, the American prima donna, was attacked on returning from the Opera Comique in Paris, by an insane lover who had followed her foot steps for many months.

— Mr. Moody, the evangelist, has successfully opened his mission in London, four meetings being held, at which from four to six thousand persons attended.

— The Marquis of Lansdown, the new Governor-General of Canada, has already received a number of threatening letters.

— Gustave Dore's statue of Alexander Dumas was unveiled last Sunday in Paris.

— An escaped lion is roaming about in the Ohio forests, having escaped from a railroad train wreck.

— The great-grand-niece of George Washington is Margaret Washington, seventy years of age, who keeps a boarding house just back of the Riggs House in Washington.

— The Mexican journals as a rule are opposed to Yankee invasion with railroads. They call the latter "ferro-carriles in sheep's clothing."

— They are about to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the first Russian printer.

— Portland, in Oregon, has a population of thirty thousand, but is already laid out to accommodate a population as large as that of Paris.

— Before he took his departure for home, Lord Coleridge confessed himself a radical, and a follower of John Bright. They received the intelligence at the other side with some manifestations of surprise.

— Since the President attended public worship at quaint little St. John's Church in Washington, it has become fashionable and lost nearly all its dear old characteristics.

— The receipts from internal revenue for the last fiscal year were over 144 millions.

— The French royalists are described as very wide awake to the inconsistencies of the present government, of which they will not, of course, fail to take advantage.

— People plainly show that they feel better, now the election is over.

— The Pall Mall Gazette thinks it probable that the government will introduce into parliament at the next session a household suffrage bill which shall apply to both town and country in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland alike.

— Gilmore's Band is playing regularly at the Foreign Exhibition in Boston.

— Prof. Brewer, of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, lectured before the Society of Arts in this city at the Institute of Technology, on Thursday, Oct. 25th, on "The Exhibition and Breed of Domestic Animals, as Illustrated in Swine." He said that more had been learned on the subject since 1859 than was ever known before; about all that was previously known with certainty having been, that the species most common in domestication originated in the Old World.

— The Japanese had no written language till the third century, when Chinese characters were introduced. The origin of the Japanese race is in doubt.

— London Truth says that Lord Beaconsfield's ill-advised experiment of sending a member of the royal family to assist in governing a colony (Canada), has failed ignominiously.

— A French physician is trying to frighten people from eating raw oysters on the shell.

"Nothing Wrong With My Lungs Now.'

A patient writes nearly a year after using Compound Oxygen:

"There is nothing wrong with my lungs now, and for that I have to thank you more than anything else. It is true, there are days when I did not feel as bright as I could wish, but *if it had not been for the Oxygen I doubt if I w uld be here to feel at all.*"

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free*. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

☞ Fowler & Wells of New York, issued a neat pamphlet edition of a treatise entitled "Horses; Their Feed and Their Feet. A Manual of Horse Hygiene." It is compiled by C. E. Gage, M. D.

☞ Ayer's Cherry Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice, enabling public speakers to speak clearly and without fatigue. If people who are troubled with colds would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainments, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of both hearers and speakers.

— The increase of wealth in England, since the days of the Stuarts has been more rapid than the increase of the population. Since 1840 wealth has increased four times more rapidly than population, which goes to disprove the Malthusian theory in that regard.

☞ VEGETINE is not a stimulating bitters which creates a fictitious appetite, but a gentle tonic which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

— The present year's wine harvest in France will be the finest one since the year 1858. The product of 1870 ranks with the best of the century, yet even this is said to be surpassed in quantity and quality both.

☞ SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT' etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

RUIN WROUGHT BY A TORNADO.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 6.—The tornado that passed through Springfield, Mo., yesterday afternoon killed five persons outright and injured thirty more. The names of the dead are Mrs. Andrew Arnquist, Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. Holbelles, Mrs. Finney, and Miss Sallie Edmondson. The tornado, approaching in the form of a cloud moving close to the earth, first struck the northwest part of the town shortly after 3 o'clock. The wind swept everything before it in the northwest part of Springfield. The City Woollen Mills, owned by Lord & Egan, employing forty hands, were almost entirely wrecked. The building was of brick, and the upper stories were demolished. No one was fatally hurt here, but several of the workmen were badly bruised, and a girl had a leg broken. The bricks were scattered in every direction. The fire company and numerous citizens were quickly on the scene assisting in moving the goods in the mill to a place of safety. The rain was pouring down in torrents, which added to the terrors of the disaster.

Just east of the woollen mills the residences of V. B. Barclett and W. H. Pennell were entirely destroyed. Mrs. Pennell had her hip broken, and Mrs. Mary E. Jackson, who was in a tent near by, was dangerously hurt.

The soda water factory and tank belonging to Thos. Hargreaves was destroyed, and the timbers scattered in every direction. J. McDoling's house was torn to pieces from its foundation, and the residence of J. F. O'Neal shared the same fate.

J. A. Walter, who chanced to be in the building, received severe wounds about the head, besides being bruised all over the body. He is in a critical condition. Mrs. O'Neal's left leg was injured, and her little child was injured about the head. In the same building Miss Sallie Edmondson was instantly killed by falling timbers. A young man named Edmondson, a cousin of Miss Sallie, was probably fatally hurt. East of the O'Neal residence the cigar factory and dwelling house of F. A. Isencker were completely destroyed, but the family, were fortunately, absent from home and escaped. Wm. Corle's house and those of Wm. Price, John B. Barrett, Louis Beland, A. W. Camp, F. B. Smith, Dr. West, D. M. Worthworth, and others in the same locality were partially wrecked, but the inmates escaped without injury.

The brick Catholic church just completed on Webster street, built at a cost of $50,000, was ruined. Just east of the church, Mrs. Andrew Arnquist was buried in the ruins of the dwelling house of A. B. Campbell. The lady had just stopped to call on members of the family when the tornado came. Mr. Campbell was slightly hurt.

The swath cut by the tornado was about 100 yards wide, though the wind sometimes bounded over objects directly in its path. In Bridgetown, east of North Springfield, it spread out to a width of 300 yards, destroying thirty small dwellings and injuring several persons. Among the seriously hurt at Bridgetown are Mrs. Pennington, injured about the head; Mr. Akin, leg broken; Mrs. Jane Huffman

At the northeast of Bridgetown the storm destroyed everything in its path. Here Mrs. Dunlap was instantly killed, and Mrs. Beeman seriously injured. Mrs. Van Hunter, a Swedish woman, was probably fatally hurt about the head. Four miles south of Springfield Mrs. Finney was badly hurt. The houses of L. Hill and Mrs. Aiken were destroyed. T. R. Quickerell's residence was reduced to ruins, and he was badly injured by falling timber. The building material destroyed numbered about thirty, and those partly destroyed about 200.

The path of the tornado through the town was about one mile in length. The wind was seen coming from the southwest in the form of a funnel-shaped cloud, which darted up and down, now striking the earth and then bounding upward in its sizzag course. Scarcely a moment's time was consumed by the swift journey of the tornado through the city.

The heaviest losers are as follows:

Lord & Regan, woolen mills, $12,000; F. A. Hencker's cigar factory and dwelling, $2,000; Mrs. Bryant, dwelling, $1,000; Hamill, dwelling, $1,200; Judge Baker, two houses, $1,000.

The damage on 225 other houses will range from $500 to $1 000 on each. The total damage is about $250,000.

The citizens could scarcely realize what an appalling calamity had befallen the city, but when it became generally known crowds of men, women, and children flocked about the scene. The physicians of Springfield were soon busily engaged in caring for the injured. Late last night the doctors amputated Mrs. Aiken's leg, and it is thought that she can survive. Welcher Hilges, a teacher, sustained severe injuries to his hand, necessitating amputation.

Before reaching Springfield the storm struck near Brookline station, eight miles west of this city, destroying the house of Isaac Stone and also a large barn. The wife of Mr. Holbert was killed and his residence destroyed. Isaac Boone lost his dwelling house and two of his children were hurt.

Three miles west of this city a school house, in which there were fifty children, was demolished, but only three persons were hurt. Twelve persons were in a farm house two miles east of the city when the tornado struck it. One man had his arm broken, and another was slightly injured about the face. In the town of Republic several persons were injured.

THE TONQUIN CAMPAIGN.

LONDON, Nov. 7, 1883. A special despatch from Hong Kong says Admiral Courbet has postponed his attack on Bacninh, where the Chinese are preparing for a desperate defence. He will wait until the roads are sufficiently dried to transport artillery over them. He will begin the march early in December, by which time China will have decided whether she will assist the garrison at Bacninh. General Fang will take command in person of the army of reserve, gathering in large numbers on the Tonquin frontier. Military preparations are active throughout China. Six 24-cm guns and many equipments which have been stationed in the north are marching toward the south Special despatches from Paris state that M. Waddington, on his return to office, will at once resume negotiations in England on the Tonquin question with the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese ambassador. It is said that both diplomats will have the advice of Lord Granville the British foreign secretary.

A Paris despatch to Reuter's Telegram Company states that the report of the execution of the French Forces in Tonquin, of Sontay and Bacninh is not confirmed, and is regarded as improbable, as the French reinforcements have only just reached Tonquin.

PARIS, Nov. 7, 1883.—Marquis Tseng will send to Prime Minister Ferry a note from the Chinese government, bearing date November 5, expressing surprise at the attitude attributed to Hi Hung Chang, and approving of the Marquis Tseng's conduct in the Tonquin matter. A friendly power is mentioned in China's note, and is understood to be the United States.

The Telegraph says that M. Ferry has in his possession a document showing that an attack on Sontay and Bachnimh must lead to war with China.

TOULON, Nov. 7, 1883.—The French transport Mytho has been ordered to Algiers to embark cavalry for service in Tonquin.

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— A French physician is trying to frighten people from eating raw oysters on the shell.

GENERAL FOREIGN TOPICS.

LONDON, Nov. 7, 1883.—The London police authorities offer a reward for information of the whereabouts of John McCafferty, who was convicted of treason in Dublin in 1867 and sentenced to penal servitude for life. McCafferty was born in Dyke Forest, Scotland, and was a soldier in the federate army during the war of the Rebellion. He went to Ireland in 1865, intending to assist in the Fenian revolt, but was arrested at Queens town, on board the steamer on which he journeyed from America. He was tried at Cork, and pleaded guilty as an alien, and returned to America. He arrived in England in 1866, and organised the Chester Castle raid in 1867, for which offence he was arrested in Dublin Market. He was again tried, and was sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. He subsequently escaped from Portland.

General Pryor, O'Donnell's American counsel, says he will make no application to be admitted to the court, having the futility of doing so when he can contribute nothing to the efficacy of the efforts of O'Donnell's counsel.

The Times, in discussing the proposal to allow American counsel to defend O'Donnell, says that to give audience to foreign counsel is a novelty in England, and that no ground has been shown for making an exception in this case. It may be said, without disparaging the ability of the American lawyers who offer their services, that in this case will not suffer in the hands of his English counsel. It is not probable that General Pryor will be debarred from giving O'Donnell all possible assistance short of taking a public part in the conduct of the case. More than this cannot well be permitted consistently with the principles of our legal system, which, in this respect, resembles that of most of the American States.

The mileage of railway construction in this country, so far this year, is 5188 miles against 8446 for the corresponding period in 1882, 5763 miles in 1881, and 4614 in 1880.

The farmers of the Northwestern States are giving a good account of themselves. They may not receive such prices for their staple products as they would like, yet they are prosperous and confident of the future.

AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS.

The superiority of Wells, Richardson & Co.'s, Improved Butter Color over all others made, is again demonstrated by its record at the Autumnal Fairs. The test of practical use is what tells the story, and the great value of the premiums given by the Agricultural Fairs, lies in the fact, that the judges in these cases are regular farmers, who know what their needs are and what will supply them. Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color, which has taken first premium at all fairs where exhibited, is put up in a vegetable oil so prepared that it cannot become rancid, a most important property, the lack of which is fatal to so many of the Butter Colors offered for sale. It does not color the butter milk; it imparts a bright natural color, which is unattained by many others; and being the strongest is the cheapest Color in the market.

— It will be remembered that Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, before leaving our shores, advised the American people to work less and play more. It is not work, however, that hurts anyone, but this incessant hurry and bustle, which always accompanies want of method.

☞ Among the most efficacious of remedial agents are the medical preparations from the laboratory of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

CROP REPORTS.

(Country Gentleman.)

Dr. Talmage, Secretary of the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, has just published a summary of reports from various official sources as to the corn yield of this year. In States where such official reports are made, the reports of State Boards or Bureaus of Agriculture are accepted as nearly or quite correct. In others the reports of State auditors, or other officials, or such private sources as have hitherto been found reliable, are accepted as correct. The footing of the estimated yield of all the States is 1,621,108,000 bushels, making the largest crop, with one exception, in the history of the country. The reports from Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota put the injured corn at about 50 per cent., the damages in some sections, especially in Wisconsin being total. "The injury, however, though seemingly immense, after all cuts but a small figure in the total yield." This estimate is almost exactly that of the Cincinnati Price Current, made several weeks ago. The principal reduction from last year is in that portion of the country lying north of latitude 42°. There is practically no corn raised for export north of a line drawn through Fort Wayne, Ind., Rock Island, Ill., and Des Moines, Ia., although there is considerable raised in those States north of that line for home consumption and for fodder for cattle. The foreign demand is light, and there is likely to be a good market for all the sound corn we shall have to spare.

— A couple of cats in the Crystal Palace Exhibition of London are valued at $50,000 each, and the most of the animals on exhibition are set at $500 each.

☞ Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of Heart Disease, nervousness and sleeplessness. nov10-2t

— The first concert of the season will be given by the Handel and Haydn Society of this city on Sunday evening, the 11th inst., when the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther will be celebrated by appropriate musical performances.

BETTER THAN $10,000!

"I spent over $10,000 in 23 years," said Major H. W. Hines, of Boston, Mass., "in being doctored for epilepsy. I employed the best physicians in New Orleans, St. Louis, New York, Phila., Boston, London and Paris, but all to no purpose. *Samaritan Nervine* has cured me entirely." $1.50.

— A conflict between France and China is considered inevitable, and the British government is taking measures to protect its interests in that quarter.

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

— The University of Zurich has thirty-one women students, twenty of whom are studying medicine, ten philosophy, and one chemistry.

☞ Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats are the common results of going about with Cold Feet. Prevent all this and keep your feet warm with Wilsonia Magnetic Insoles. Made all sizes. Insoles for ladies are very thin. Price 50 cents at druggists and shoe dealers. nov3-2t

— There was a bloody riot in Philadelphia on Sunday, growing out of the bad feeling at the coroners' convention. Subjects for future coroner's inquests were furnished.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* dec2-a

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Oct. 28th, by Rev. Reuen Thomas, Charles H. Edwards of Boston to Ella M. Allen of Brookline.

In this city, Nov. 1st, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D., assisted by Rev. C. R. Eliot, Edward C. Eliot of St. Louis, Mo., to Mary, daughter of James W. Marston of Boston.

In Waquoit, Nov. 1st, by Rev. J. S. Gay, Mr. Robert K. Runyon of Newark, N. J., to Miss Minnie J. Tobey, only daughter of Asa F. Tobey of Waquoit.

In Templeton, Oct. 25th, at the house of the bride's father, Isaac F. Hutchins, Esq., by Rev. T. O. Rice, Mr. Charles L. Hutchins of Holyoke to Miss M

Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels well again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, kidney troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GRAHAM.

$3,000 Lost.—" A tour of Europe that cost me $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of "Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of nine "years' nervous weakness, sleepl ssness and "dyspepsia."

R. M., Auburn, N.Y.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. Inter'l Rev.

So. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS—I have been a sufferer ten years and tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. ROSE.

Baby Saved!

We are so thankful to say that our nurse baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N.Y. nov14.

EXPOSITION OF
DR. SHERMAN'S
RUPTURE CURE.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN—Dear Sir:

My experience with your treatment is very encouraging since I called on you about eight months ago, suffering with a right side scrotal rupture. I underwent treatment previously, and from the use of same suffered increased pain. From the day you applied your appliance to my case I have felt the greatest relief, and through the application of your Curative compound my improvement has been such as to enable me to pursue my business—which is both active and laborious—without inconvenience; and though I still wear your appliance, it is chiefly because I want to be certain of a cure before leaving it entirely.

The comfort I have derived from your treatment, regardless of the cure which I feel has been effected, is reason and me a hundredfold for the outlay. The happy result prompts me to recommend your treatment to the afflicted, believing that no one will be worse off than as it has me if they adhere to your instructions.

F. W. FLANDRS.

Lawrence, Oct. 14, 1882.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without operation, interference from labor or the injury trusses inflict. Photographed cases before and after cure can be seen at Dr. A. SHERMAN'S Office of the Rupture Cure, 251 Washington Street. Only days of consultation, Wednesday and Friday of each week. Dr. Sherman's visits are a day of two with a cold. The cause is supposed to be heart disease.

John Q. Lynch, employed at the Union Straw Works, FOXBORO', was caught in the shafting on Friday, and had a narrow escape from death. His clothing was torn from its body, his whiskers pulled out and his face badly cut.

Frank Wilkes of Zanesville, Ohio, a grandson of Commodore Wilkes of the United States Navy, was herding sheep near the Pleasant Valley station, became lost and died of starvation and exposure. His remains will be sent to Ohio.

A special from Culiuahua, Mexico, states that Jacob Kipp, a wealthy resident of Milwaukee, Wis., will on his way from the Mexico Central railroad at Lerdo to Durango, was robbed of $8,000 and murdered by road agents. His wife was assaulted.

Whaling barque Lizzie of New Bedford was lost Sept. 22, in the Arctic, by ice. Crew saved. Six men perished on the sunken vessel. The captain and chief officer were brought to San Francisco by barque Frances Palmer, which arrived Nov. 1.

Burglars broke into the carpenter shop of *George Larkins, River street, Danbury, Conn., Friday night, and succeeded in striking the* combination of the safe. No safe was in the shop, thus opening the door and taking about $6000 in money.

Thomas Terry, travelling salesman for S. H. Hall & Son of Troy, N. Y., was run down on Main street, Worcester, Mass., by one of the horsemen from a torchlight procession and so badly injured that he cannot live, his skull being fractured.

At an early hour Monday morning the dwelling house at Franklin, Mass., belonging to Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy, was discovered on fire. A sufficient headway prevailing at the time made futile the efforts of the firemen, who worked hard to save the structure.

On Sunday night, near Sanford, a negro and his wife went to church, leaving their three children locked in the house. They returned in three hours and found their dwelling a heap of ashes and their children all burned to death. The eldest child was a 15 year old girl.

Frank Marshall of New Milford, Conn., has been sentenced to two and a half years in the State Prison for perjury. In order to shield a boy accused of assaulting a little girl, Marshall testified that he had accidentally spilled the poison where the cattle found it.

Elford E. Treffe of No. 14 Ash street, Cambridge, was shot down on the harbor on Saturday with Chas. J. Sears of No. 70 Mullen street, Cambridge in a sail boat. Which opposite Long Island Treffy was hailed by the health boat Samuel Little, and it was found that his companion was missing.

A. H. Morse's block was burned at Franklin, Mass., Sunday morning. The occupants were D. A. Wood & Co., tinsmiths; R. L. McPherson, furniture and undertaker. The occupants who lived over the store had a narrow escape. The total loss on the building and to occupants is about $7000; partly insured.

William Lowery of Chelsea, employed at a Green street restaurant, was found on Saturday night at the foot of a flight of stairs (down which he is supposed to have fallen) in the hallway in front of No. 52 Cross street. He was unconscious and had a fracture of the skull. He was taken to the General Hospital and died Sunday.

For the past month or more Boston cook books have been almost monopolized by provincial operators, who, it is expected, will harvest about 225,000,000 this season, as follows: From the apple crop, 100,000,000; peaches, 40,000,000; St. Croix 15,000,000, other localities in the Provinces 150,000,000. Last season the total output by these operators was 268,000,000.

Mr. Uberl L. Pettengill was found suddenly at his residence on Wyoming avenue, in Melrose, on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Pettengill has been in failing health for some time, but was about his business as usual on Saturday. He laid down to rest on a sofa on Sunday afternoon, and after talking peasantly with his family fell into an apparent sleep. His wife noticed a remarkable change upon his face and immediately called for assistance. Drs. Odlin and Clark of Melrose and Dr. Colby of Wakefield were summoned, but before their arrival Mr. Pettengill had died, the immediate cause of his death, as stated by his physicians, being apoplexy.

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NEWS SUMMARY.

The first frost in North Carolina occurred Nov. 1st.

The hills in Western New York were whitened by snow Nov. 1st.

Some Florida orange trees are blooming for the third time this season.

A fire in Glascow, Scotland, Nov. 3d, burned up property worth £400,000.

In a political riot at Danville, Va., Nov. 3d, seven persons lost their lives.

Frank K. Jewett of Nelson, N. H. had 20 out of 90 sheep killed by dogs.

Gov. Bartow, appoints Thursday, Nov. 29, Thanksgiving Day, in Vermont.

The apple crop in France this veer is immense exceeding even the great yield of 1870.

Stephen Pratt caught a panther recently in a trap on the West Mountain, near Fowsal, Vt.

James O'Donnell's livery stable at Logansport, Ind., was burned on Friday with sixteen horses.

The Hallsville School, in Manchester, N. H. has been temporarily closed, on account of sickness among the pupils.

Tornadoes did considerable damage in Catahoula and Tensas parishes, La., Oct 28th. Several lives were lost.

A raccoon entered a turkey house in Goshen, Chester County, Pa., a few nights ago, and killed sixty-two of the birds.

The sheds of Walker & Sons' distillery, in Walkersville, Ont., with 300 head of cattle were burned Monday. Loss $60,000.

The dwelling house and barn of Fred Wettenlaut, near Elgin, Ill., were burned on Friday with thirty five cows and four horses.

Albert Foss, about 50 years old, drowned him self on Friday at a brook near his house at Crowley's Station, near Lewiston, Me.

William S. Wakeman was probably fatally injured in New Haven on Friday. He was hauling stumps and both his horses fell upon him.

R. B. Hutchcraft's four story warehouse, filled with hemp, wool, lime grass seed and grain, was burned at Paris, Ky., on Saturday. Loss $50,000.

One of the heaviest rains known in Chicago for years fell Monday. At midnight it amounted to nearly 3½ inches. Many basements were flooded.

A fire occurred in Brockton early Sunday morning. It started in Lovell & Co.'s dry goods store on Main street and caused a total loss of about $18,000.

Franklin G. Hutchins of West Fryeburg, Me., was thrown from his carriage on Tuesday and died on Thursday. He was a graduate of Bowdoin in 1876.

Fire Sunday morning at Port Costa, Cal., Nov. 4, destroyed the business portion of this town and eight Central Pacific cars loaded with wheat. Loss $100,000.

James H. Rogers, a teamster in the employ of David M. Hilton, in Gloucester, Mass., fell from a team Monday night, striking on his head, killing him instantly.

Charles Schiffer of Hartford, Conn., 16 years old, was killed and horribly mutilated by a train at New Britain Saturday. He slipped on a rail while crossing the tracks.

The house of Captain Small in Beverly, on Bridge street, a new two story structure, was burned down Monday for lack of water. Cause incendiary. Loss $2000.

Farmers in Indiana are reported to be suffering the one of the worst forms of Socialism. A gang of incendiaries burn the barns of those who employ labor saving machinery.

A collision between two steamers in the Irish Sea, 25 miles off Holyhead, England, Oct. 30th, resulted in the sinking of both within a short time, and the drowning of 15 persons.

The farm buildings and contents belonging to Mathew Gorham, near Sax on's River Village, Vt., were burned early Sunday morning. Loss about $1200; insured. Probably incendiary.

The exports of produce from the port of New York for the week ended Monday were $5,416,638. The total exports since January 1 were $207,019,195 against $290,221,384 for the same time in 1882.

A most ferocious tornado visited Springfield, Mo., late Monday afternoon. It is reported that five persons were killed, thirty or more wounded, and one hundred houses in the northern part of the city and suburbs destroyed.

Rev. G. J. Abbot, pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Oakland, Me., was found dead in bed Saturday morning. He had been confined to the house a day of two with a cold. The cause is supposed to be heart disease.

John Q. Lynch, employed at the Union Straw Works, FOXBORO', was caught in the shafting on Friday, and had a narrow escape from death. His clothing was torn from its body, his whiskers pulled out and his face badly cut.

Frank Wilkes of Zanesville, Ohio, a grandson of Commodore Wilkes of the United States Navy, was herding sheep near the Pleasant Valley station, became lost and died of starvation and exposure. His remains will be sent to Ohio.

A special from Culiuahua, Mexico, states that Jacob Kipp, a wealthy resident of Milwaukee, Wis., will on his way from the Mexico Central railroad at Lerdo to Durango, was robbed of $8,000 and murdered by road agents. His wife was assaulted.

Whaling barque Lizzie of New Bedford was lost Sept. 22, in the Arctic, by ice. Crew saved. Six men perished on the sunken vessel. The captain and chief officer were brought to San Francisco by barque Frances Palmer, which arrived Nov. 1.

Burglars broke into the carpenter shop of *George Larkins, River street, Danbury, Conn., Friday night, and succeeded in striking the* combination of the safe. No safe was in the shop, thus opening the door and taking about $6000 in money.

Thomas Terry, travelling salesman for S. H. Hall & Son of Troy, N. Y., was run down on Main street, Worcester, Mass., by one of the horsemen from a torchlight procession and so badly injured that he cannot live, his skull being fractured.

At an early hour Monday morning the dwelling house at Franklin, Mass., belonging to Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy, was discovered on fire. A sufficient headway prevailing at the time made futile the efforts of the firemen, who worked hard to save the structure.

On Sunday night, near Sanford, a negro and his wife went to church, leaving their three children locked in the house. They returned in three hours and found their dwelling a heap of ashes and their children all burned to death. The eldest child was a 15 year old girl.

Frank Marshall of New Milford, Conn., has been sentenced to two and a half years in the State Prison for perjury. In order to shield a boy accused of assaulting a little girl, Marshall testified that he had accidentally spilled the poison where the cattle found it.

Elford E. Treffe of No. 14 Ash street, Cambridge, was shot down on the harbor on Saturday with Chas. J. Sears of No. 70 Mullen street, Cambridge in a sail boat. Which opposite Long Island Treffy was hailed by the health boat Samuel Little, and it was found that his companion was missing.

A. H. Morse's block was burned at Franklin, Mass., Sunday morning. The occupants were D. A. Wood & Co., tinsmiths; R. L. McPherson, furniture and undertaker. The occupants who lived over the store had a narrow escape. The total loss on the building and to occupants is about $7000; partly insured.

William Lowery of Chelsea, employed at a Green street restaurant, was found on Saturday night at the foot of a flight of stairs (down which he is supposed to have fallen) in the hallway in front of No. 52 Cross street. He was unconscious and had a fracture of the skull. He was taken to the General Hospital and died Sunday.

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THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Affecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is specially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, symptoms of evidence of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day, thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches; a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly, and as safely as possible; to make plain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarrelling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world."

"I am well aware of the censure that will be visited on me for writing the letter but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. Then with a life's experience for the past few years, and grapple descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them."

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful remedy in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirm ed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation and was greatly surprised to see a decided improvement within a month, and within four months, no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he still uses the remedy, is 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis, [Bright's disease] and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were on her small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membrane; to wash out the epithelia debris which blocks up the *tubuli uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

"Bel ieving as I do to be a benefactor of the profession that believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy in thus frankly.

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Indispensable in every family. Agents make lots of money owing to ready sale of our goods. Send for illustrated Catalogue, Terms, &c. Hundreds of testimonials proving our honesty and the success of Agents. Give us a trial. Secure choice of territory. Don't delay. Territory free. Address nearest office. Mention this paper. J. E. Rhoard & Co., Kansas City, Mo., Cincinnati, O. sep29-4t (cow2t)

Farm and Stock for Sale.

Owing to continued ill health, the subscriber offers for sale his Farm, situated on the Upton road, one mile from the centre of Milford; also his Stock comprising some of the finest in this section. The Farm is supplied with plenty and durable water, conveyed to both House and Barn; it is tocked with a choice variety of fruit trees of apple, pear, peach, small fruit, grapes and currants in variety. Will keep 15 cows and a pair of horses the year round. Milk sold at the door. For milk, f uit and early vegetables it is not excelled in this section. The Stock at present consists of 1 horse, 4 cows, 1 pair 3-year old grade Swiss steers, weight 2100, and 11 grade Swiss heifers coming in between 10th of February and 20th of April, and 1 thoroughbred Swiss bull, 4 years old. Reg Feb. No. 108 in Herd Book.

The Farm and Stock will be sold as a whole or in lots to suit purchasers.

Those wishing to purchase are cordially invited to come and see for themselves.

F. M. INMAN.
Milford, Oct. 15th, 1883. oct20-5t

CHEAP FARMS
NEAR MARKETS.

The State of Michigan has more than 4,500 miles of railroad and 1,500 miles of Lake transportation, schools and churches in every county, public buildings all paid for, and no debt. Its soil and climate combine to produce large crops, and it is the best fruit State in the North west. Several million acres of unoccupied and fertile lands are yet in the market at low prices. The State has issued a NEW PAMPHLET containing a map and descriptions of the soil, crops and general resources of every county in the State, which may be had free of charge by writing to the COMM'R OF IMMIGRATION, DETROIT, MICH. oct20-10t

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. sep27-y

Pigs are most profitable if fattened and sold before mid-winter. A large part of the food is used up in simply maintaining the animal during the coldest winter weather. Well-bred swine will sometimes lose in weight during a severe storm. Give the pigs all the corn, or other feed, they will eat during the fattening period. Keep the pens clean, with an abundance of litter, and supply all needed pure water.—[Agriculturist.

Several New York farmers speak very highly of the value of sweet corn as a fattening food for swine, saying as much to the acre can be raised as of any other variety, and that the stalks can be turned to profitable account.

Don't leave a mass of leaves and vegetable stalks to decay in your dooryards and garden. All sorts of fevers may arise from their poisonous gases. Clean your premises and burn or bury all dead vegetable matter.

An Iowa farmer, Mr. Dixon, of Mahaska County, will have, according to the Register, a crop of 15,000 bushels of apples, which it is claimed will be the largest crop of any orchard in the United States.

Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

— The petitioners for the Cape Cod Ship Canal have filed their location, made a deposit of $200,000 as security for damages, expended within the four months last year $25,000, and agreed with the Old Colony Railroad Company as to the crossing of the canal by the railroad, and paid all damages accruing to the town of Sandwich for the expense of supporting and removal of the Indians, at the time when the former work was done on the canal.

Hardly a newspaper printed but speaks of a sudden death by heart disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator would have cured it, strong assertion; but many have said they were taken from the grave by it. $1 per bottle at druggists. nov10-21

— England, at the same time that she sends forth missionaries, is the chief manufacturer of heathen idols, on which she reaps a large profit. How she would despise the Yankees if they were up to such a thing.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease at the lungs.

THE WORLD'S COTTON FAIR.

Commissioner General F. C. Morehead of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, which is to be held in New Orleans in 1884, arrived in this city Saturday on business connected with the exposition. The exposition was suggested by Commissioner Morehead, who is also the president of the National Planter's Association, in a resolution presented and adopted at a convention of the association at Little Rock, Ark., in 1882. The resolution provided that the location of the exposition should be given to the city offering the greatest inducements, and the president issued invitations to various cities, especially those in cotton growing states, setting forth that the location would not be given to any city unless $500,000 was put up to insure its success. January of this year was the time set for deciding upon the location, but owing to various reasons no bid was received in a shape which would justify the association in fixing upon the place. President Morehead then went to Washington and secured the enactment by Congress of a charter nearly as comprehensive as that given to the centennial of 1876. The charter was approved last Friday, and provides that the exposition shall be held under the joint auspices of the United States government, the National Planters' Association, and the city of location. It also provides that the President of the United States shall make official proclamation regarding the opening and closing ceremonies, and that the President shall issue invitations to foreign governments to participate, and that he shall appoint the board of management and the commissioners of the States and Territories, making it a truly national and international affair. Commissioner Morehead says the South feels that New England is allied by the closest ties of business in all its interests, and confidently looks for the warmest cooperation from this quarter.

Commissioner Morehead while here will interview the governor and other officials of the cotton manufacturing States of New England, with a view of inducing a hearty participation in the enterprise. A most important matter connected directly with the exposition is the meeting of the National Cotton Planters' Association, at Vicksburg, November 21, to which the president of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association and the Arkwright Club have been invited to send delegates. As has already been announced, Mr. Wendell Phillips has been invited to deliver an address on the "Future of the South." The views recently expressed by Mr. Phillips in regard to this subject have met with a cordial reception in the South, and, to quote President Morehead, no man in the North would be more warmly received than Mr. Phillips. In view of his past utterances and history it is an opportunity for him to make the crowning effort of his life. Commissioner Morehead is in treaty with the exhibitors of the late American fair regarding a participation in the cotton centennial exhibition. All goods sent to New Orleans previous to December, 1883, will be stored free. The sum of $600,000 has already been provided, and the amount will be swelled to $1,000,000 before the opening. The main building will contain 1,000,000 squre feet of space, and will be the largest ever erected for exhibition purposes. The city of New Orleans has appropriated $100,000 for the erection of a horticultural building and a fire proof art gallery. The exhibition will be held in City Park, on the Mississippi river above New Orleans, and will be approached by six lines of street railways and one steam road, and also by boats on the river. It will open December 1, 1884, and close April 31, 1885.

SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN.

SOME INTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT THE FAMOUS COMMANDERS.

Sherman did not make use of an amanuensis or a shorthand writer, and rarely it was that a staff officer wrote a letter for him, writes a Washington correspondent to the Philadelphia Press. He used to say that he did not have time to bother with clerks and stenographers. I do not know of a more fluent writer than Sherman. He never alters or erases, and his writing is as fine and delicate as a woman's. His habits? Yes, I can tell you something of them. A man without pride or thought in dress, his nevertheless fessions that he believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment or disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve his patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy in thus frankly.

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Farm and Stock for Sale.

Owing to continued ill health, the subscriber offers for sale his Farm, situated on the Upton road, one mile from the centre of Milford; also his Stock comprising some of the finest in this section. The Farm is supplied with plenty and durable water, conveyed to both House and Barn; it is tocked with a choice variety of fruit trees of apple, pear, peach, small fruit, grapes and currants in variety. Will keep 15 cows and a pair of horses the year round. Milk sold at the door. For milk, f uit and early vegetables it is not excelled in this section. The Stock at present consists of 1 horse, 4 cows, 1 pair 3-year old grade Swiss steers, weight 2100, and 11 grade Swiss heifers coming in between 10th of February and 20th of April, and 1 thoroughbred Swiss bull, 4 years old. Reg Feb. No. 108 in Herd Book.

The Farm and Stock will be sold as a whole or in lots to suit purchasers.

Those wishing to purchase are cordially invited to come and see for themselves.

F. M. INMAN.
Milford, Oct. 15th, 1883. oct20-5t

CHEAP FARMS
NEAR MARKETS.

The State of Michigan has more than 4,500 miles of railroad and 1,500 miles of Lake transportation, schools and churches in every county, public buildings all paid for, and no debt. Its soil and climate combine to produce large crops, and it is the best fruit State in the North west. Several million acres of unoccupied and fertile lands are yet in the market at low prices. The State has issued a NEW PAMPHLET containing a map and descriptions of the soil, crops and general resources of every county in the State, which may be had free of charge by writing to the COMM'R OF IMMIGRATION, DETROIT, MICH. oct20-10t

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. sep27-y

THE HEAVENS IN NOVEMBER.

According to the astronomer of the Providence Journal, the morning stars for November are Saturn, Jupiter, Mars and Uranus; the evening star throughout the month is Venus, although Neptune becomes evening star on the 12th and Mercury on the 26th. On the 28th, at 11 o'clock in the evening, Saturn is in opposition with the sun, reaching his culminating point in size and brilliancy for the present year. This is the point in his orbit when he is nearest to the earth, thus accounting for the splendor of his appearance. Instead of being 1,014,000,000 miles from the earth, his distance at conjunction is 831 miles. But his nearness to us is not the only reason for his beautiful appearance. His rings are open nearly to their widest extent, and he will, therefore, be a superb object for observation during the month, being above the horizon nearly the entire night, and needing no one to point him out as he pursues his shining course near the Pleiades and

The Poet's Corner.

IN THE OLD BARN.

BY O. P. OBERT.

Upon the old barn's scaffold high,
With dreamy gaze on fragrant bed
I watch the swallows come and go
With twittering notes above my head.

Without, upon the half-shut door
The Phœbe sits in silent mood,
Prospecting for a place to build
Her nest and rear her quiet brood.

The hens upon the seedy floor,
Are scratching for the scattered grain;
While chanticleer a challenge hears,
And answers back in deafening strain.

Old Charley in the stall below
Keeps grinding at the clover hay,
And tries with many an angry stamp
To drive the saucy flies away.

But hark! a pleasant sound I hear,
Of children coming down the lane—
And now they strive with flying feet
To see who first the barn will gain.

A gush of laughter greets my ears,
As up the ladder, lithe and gay,
They come to seek for hidden eggs,
And frolic on the fragrant hay.

The little rogues are wild with joy,
At finding father's hiding place,
And thus my pleasant day dream ends,
With smothering kiss and fond embrace.

—[Transcript.

Ladies' Department.

ICHABOD TURNER'S MISSION.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

'Crooked! Crooked! Crooked!' rang out the sharp, peculiar, disonant voice, and the tall, thin figure in seedy garments and flapping hat swayed to and fro on the stump that had been selected for a rostrum. 'All things have gone crooked in this world, and I've come to set 'em straight—to undo the snarls, give the power where it belongs and put men in their places. Oh—h—h my friends! The world is topsy-turvy; the top's at the bottom and the bottom's at the top, and I've come to turn things right send up.'

The 6 o'clock whistle had sounded the close of another day's work at the shops, and the men, pouring out from the various smoke-stained archways, paused to listen to what a motley group—some bedaubed with many colors from the paint rooms, some with grimy hands and faces from foundry or machine shop, while farther back on the long platform that extended along the track were gathered that inevitable adjunct of any crowd, the boys, and a sprinkling of women—some of the latter with children in their arms. The speaker's excitement seemed to deepen as his audience increased. The keen eyes under the old hat darted lightning like glances here and there; he gesticulated wildly and his voice rose to a still higher pitch.

'Oh—h—h yes! Look at me! I'm Ichabod Turner, and the mission I'm sent on is to mend all crookedness and turn things right end up!'

The men seemed to find a grim pleasure in the harangue. They laughed as they exchanged comments.

'Chosen a good point to begin at, eh, Jack?' questioned one.

'I should say so! He'll have a tough contract, even if he doesn't extend his territory.'

'Goin' to set all things straight? It'll take a mightier than you to do that job. I wish to massy he'd begin it soon!' murmured an old woman on the platform, as she picked up her bundle and trudged on again.

The two men locked after her, and the elder shook his grizzled head.

'Poor soul! No doubt things seem crooked enough to her—her boy was crushed between the cars last year. Does seem as if somebody might invent a way to get along with killing fewer brakemen.'

Jim Barclay, sauntering down the long walk, stopped beside a bright young girl who had paused for a moment on the outer edge of the crowd.

'If that fellow would begin his work by altering the days and nights a little, or my means of enjoying them, I'd be obliged to him,' he laughed.

The girl turned with a little start of surprise and pleasure.

'Why, Jim!' Then a glance at his lunch-basket brought the swift question, 'You're not going out to-night? It's not your run.'

'I must make it though, they say. It's an extra train, and they are short of men, somehow—off or disabled. I feel considerably disabled myself.'

'You were out last night?'

'And all the night before, and nearly all yesterday. I didn't get in to-day until afternoon, and I was scarcely settled into a comfortable sleep before I was called. I'm not fit to go, that's a fact. Don't worry, Dell.'

He broke off his sentence abruptly as he saw the shadow of anxiety on his companion's fair face. 'I doesn't happen so often. They're short, you see.'

'It oughtn't to happen at all,' insisted Dell, indignantly. 'I wouldn't go.'

'Then my head would come off at short notice,' laughed Jim. 'We can't afford that.'

Pretty Dell flushed rosily. She knew so well what that meant. There was a little house talked over and arranged to every detail of its simple furnishing, for which they two were planning when Jim should obtain his hoped-for promotion.

'No, I won't ensure any necks to-night, but I'll take the risk of crushing a few other people's heads rather than the certainty of losing my own,' laughed Jim. 'It's a pity that fellow, who is so sure of his mission, couldn't turn my luck right side up; they feel crooked enough. But don't worry, Dell,' he repeated, hurriedly.

The crowd began to thin. Hungry men, swinging their empty dinner pails, presently found the prospect of supper more alluring than the stranger's promised millennium. Jim looked at his watch and found he had not even five minutes to spare for a part of the homeward walk with Dell. He parted from her with a reluctant good-by, and she walked away alone. She had gone but a few steps, however, when she turned and looked back.

'You'll be careful, Jim? Don't let anything happen.'

'Why, Dell!' He laughed, half touched, half wondering. 'I oughtn't to have talked such nonsense. Don't be uneasy.'

She smiled in answer, and the cloud slowly faded from her face as she walked on. A call for extra service was no cause for serious trouble—all these exigencies were so familiar to her. Bell and whistle, messenger and despatch, with their always imperative and often unwelcome orders, were a part of the daily life. Jim would be tired and worn out, of course. That had happened often, and doubtless must happen again, but her thoughts turned to pleasanter pictures of the future, to arranging once more that tiny house with its dainty rooms, which should be a very haven of rest to one who came home weary. She paused on the long iron bridge, and looked down on the network of tracks below, crossing and interlacing in a seemingly inextricable tangle.

The gray twilight of the short autumn afternoon was already deepening toward night, and the headlights of the engines, passing and repassing as they changed from one track to another, shone out brilliantly. Men were running here and there, waving their signal lanterns and shouting hoarse orders that to one uninitiated only mingled confusedly with the heavy breathing of the locomotives and the clangor of bells. Farther back, looming in rugged outlines against the faint rose of the western sky, were the great shops, grim and silent. The brown eyes watching from the bridge presently discovered the figure they sought winding its way in and out among the trains. He did not look up, and the girl smiled at the thought of watching him, herself unobserved. Then her face grew grave and sweet with a passing fancy that so, from their height above the din and turmoil, the unseen angels looked down upon our mortal life.

'Only, I suppose, all the tangles and bewilderments grow clear to them, as I am sure they do not to me,' she added with a little sigh. 'And their watching is of some use, while mine cannot help poor Jim.'

He had some need of help as the evening wore on, though he but dimly realized it. Getting everything in readiness for starting was harder work than usual. There was a dull pain in his eyes and a throbbing in his temples.

'This trip's rather rough on you, Jim,' remarked a fireman, half questioningly, half commiseratingly.

'R-ther!' Jim laughed faintly. 'I'm stiff and used up, but I'll get over it when we're fairly off, I expect.'

When the station, with its din and dancing lights was left behind, however, and the long line stretched away straight before him, his occupation became but a mere routine so treacherously familiar that it would scarcely hold his eyes or thoughts. Mechanically he attended to his engine, with his mind straying far away from it to Dell, and then running oddity into a confused memory of the speaker at the depot, until the swift movement of the polished rods before him seemed the motion of gesticulating arms, and the sound in his ears resolved itself into a measured repetition of meaningless words—'Crooked and straight! Right side up!'

'Hello! Caught myself napping, I do believe! Jim Barclay, what are you about? See here Bill'—to his fireman—'just keep an eye on me, will you?'

The young engineer shook himself, looked about him and stood stiffly erect. He whistled a tune vigorously to assure himself that he was wide awake. What a drowsy rockaby motion the train had! Even the jar and rattle seemed to lull and stupefy, though he stood erect at his post. He was glad this sort of work was nearly over. At least he hoped it was nearly over, for he did not see how the desired promotion could be much longer delayed, and then such calls as this would be fewer. He was looking anxiously forward to the day when he could carry the longed-for tidings to Dell. Dear little girl, how her face would brighten! What a cosy, happy home she would make! and she said the curtains wouldn't cost anything, and the hammock on the porch to rest in. Lights? Queer where the lights came from, unless—why, yes, almost to a station, of course. Dell must have put a bright light in the window.

Alas! Bill had climbed back over the tender to look after a suspected hot-box on the after truck.

Shriek after shriek of warning from a steam whistle aided the flashing signal lights, and at last forced their meaning upon the benumbed brain. With a low cry of horror the engine was reversed, but too late to avert the crash that followed as the two freight trains were piled upon each other in common wreck.

'What possessed you to run on in that fashion, man? Were you drunk or crazy?' demanded more than one rough voice as Jim stood by the track. But he only gazed with blanched face at the scene before him and answered them nothing.

'Fortunately—almost miraculously, it seemed—no one was seriously injured,' as the morning papers said in chronicling the occurrence. Under the same glaring headlines they also commended the promptness of the company in dismissing 'the engineer whose criminal carelessness caused the disaster, and who, as nearly as can be learned, was comforably sleeping at his post, and so neglectful of all signals!'

These were the tidings that reached Dell instead of the glad word for which she had waited.

'What they say is true, after a fashion,' said Jim, simply and sadly. 'I was to blame for it—and yet I wasn't, for I was not fit to make the run, and I told them so.'

There was no one to chronicle his years of faithful service, or the 'criminal carelessness,' if not cruelty, which had placed him in a position; but these things were well understood among the many workers in that railroad town, and they acknowledged to each other, with ready but helpless sympathy, that it was 'rough on poor Jim.'

Rough it surely grew as the long days came and went, and the hope of reinstatement grew dimmer. 'All those missing men, who couldn't be found when I needed a single night's rest, seem to have turned up once more, and they can spare me indefinitely,' he explained to Dell, with a pretence of jocularity that scarcely covered the bitterness. The brave little woman tried to comfort and encourage him, though the dancing light had gone out of her brown eyes, and new grave lines were deepened about the young lips. The little house they had planned seemed so like the shadowy ghost of a dead hope that neither cared to talk of it any more, and, indeed, Dell's ingenuity found full occupation now in combating the various wild schemes Jim was constantly forming. He had been away to look for employment, but business was dull everywhere at this season; and, moreover, grown up in that railroad town, where all interest and industry centred in the shops and tracks, he had belonged to the line from boyhood; he could do but the one thing, and there was little chance for a situation elsewhere while the anger of the great corporation's disapproval seemed to follow him in all his efforts like a blighting frost.

So the bright autumn leaves dropped from the trees, leaving only brown and barren branches; the soft haze faded from the hills, and the narrow iron track, stretching away over the frozen earth to west and the gray sky, looked to Dell's sorrowful eyes a fitting emblem of the dreary life-road that lay before her.

'I'm going away tomorrow,' Jim was saying, as they passed slowly over the bridge and down toward the town. 'I've shown idiocy enough in waiting here for any chance or justice. I mean to go as far West as I can make my way, and I'll come back when I've some good work to bring—if that time ever comes.'

It was useless to combat his purpose; there was nothing better to offer. The girl's wistful gaze strayed with a dreary persistency to the track again.

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When the station, with its din and dancing lights was left behind, however, and the long line stretched away straight before him, his occupation became but a mere routine so and then all earthly tangles for him were over and life's rough places grew smooth and plain.

Jim was greeted with congratulations, praises, and questions on every side.

'That was a brave deed of yours, sir—a dangerous undertaking, very skillfully planned and executed,' declared an officer of the road, with a congratulatory shake of the hand. 'It far more than cancels that little misfortune of yours last fall. There is no telling where this thing might have ended but for you. Call around at the office in the morning, will you? We shall have something to say to you.'

'What does that mean?' questioned eager Dell, as Jim made his way to her side.

'It means that everything is all right again,' answered Jim, with an odd smile playing about his lips. 'Queer how soon a bit of success can change a great crime into merely 'a little misfortune.'

The excitement was over, and the yard slowly settled back to its ordinary routine, but the young engineer and pretty Dell lingered for a last pitying, tender glance at the still form, reverently covered now.

'For whatever he may have been to the rest of the world, dear Jim, for us he fulfilled his mission,' said the girl softly.—[The Continent.

THE HUSBAND OF THE FUTURE.

[Boston Courier.]

The drift of the time and the century is towards the ascendancy of woman. Man's arbitrary assumption of her inferiority will not hold water. It is based, as regards our races, mainly upon the Hebrew Scriptures and the Adamic legend of the Garden of Eden.

But the woman of today not only knows her rights, but is abundantly able to maintain them; and one of them is the right not to be sat upon. She is bound by neither tradition nor testament, and rises superior to scripture as well as to her spouse.

All things move in a cycle. The pendulum has already swung about as far on the man's side as it possibly can, and it obeys both a natural and a moral law now that it starts on its returning arc. The world is ripe for the new order of things, woman is more than ready, and the so called lord of creation must go under. The best thing he can do is to doff his royal robes, hand over the sceptre and the ballot-box to his rightful ruler, and step down and out like a little man. If he doesn't do it voluntarily, he will be put out, that's all.

The lesson will be painful, the physic will be nasty, but the needful is, and the body politic will be all the sounder and better for it when it is once down and the bitter taste out of the mouth.

Man's authority has been neither little nor brief, and he is naturally enough, very much puffed up with it. It has come down to him as an heirloom, and he has exercised it so long and so unquestioned that it seemed to be an inherent part of his manhood. And how long did he discovered her own right to supremacy and man's to servitude. She would have begun at the bottom right, taken the bit between her teeth, and ruled from the first as she intends to rule now; and she would never have gone out of the garden till she had a building lot, or a first mortgage in some neighboring county.

But it was ordered otherwise, and now man must suffer for it. He has our sympathies; but turn about is fair play, and when he has been under dog in the fight for a while the range of his own sympathies may be somewhat enlarged.

In justice to the present victim of circumstances, it must be said that woman's previous condition of servitude has not been absolutely forced upon her. There have been two parties to the general plan, and its workings have depended as much upon woman's patience and tolerance—we will not say weakness and ignorance, because for both she was possibly not responsible—as upon man's power; and things came in running order, there was little need of active authority. The sex were so accustomed to being ruled that the mildest despotism more than sufficed to keep them within bounds.

The secret of it all lay in the fact that somebody must rule, and it never occurred to the primitive woman that she was the one to do it.

Mais nous avons change tout cela. If to woman belongs a share of blame of the degradation in the past, to woman also belongs the entirety of credit for her preeminence in the present. Among her manifold rights, admitted and unadmitted, woman has always claimed and uniformly been allowed the right of being changeable and whimsical. The fact man of our time, being not only changeable but wide awake, has suddenly decided that when there is any governing to be done she will do it herself.

Instead of marvelling at and inveighing against this hasty right about, on the part of woman, we would merely be thankful that she thought of it so late in life. Of one thing we may be sure, and that is that having once gotten a good grip of sovereignty she will never let go. However fickle she may be in all things else, not while the world stands will she change her mind in this. Even a woman knows a good thing when she's got it.

Both authority and obedience are very much matters of habit; and man will doubtless soon learn to be as meek and docile as he has hitherto expected the other sex to be, and women may be as respectful and generally reprehensible and riotous as her masculine prototype; but let us hope that the coming generation may be of a more even line in its rule, as genial in its influence, and as mild and gentle in its ways and works as the individual and typical woman has ever been.

To the dominance of her sex the American has contributed more than the women of any other section, and the New Englander is in many respects all she comes to govern. Her enlightenment and progressive ideas the Yankee is always to the fore, and the female of that ilk has done more to emancipate her sex from the shackles of custom and the bondage of ignorance than all the people in the world together.

The sons of the soil may not be promiscuously enthusiastic in her praise; while he may have nothing to say against woman's emancipation, he probably most decidedly objects to being terrorized himself. He has been there and knows what it is.

We are far from questioning the wisdom of the Creator in making the Orient the cradle of the race, but we have no hesitation in saying that if Eve had been a New England woman the result would have been very different. Time, trouble, mortification of the flesh and travail of soul might have been saved.

A Yankee Eve who once got a taste of the forbidden fruit would never have stopped eating until she "knew it all." She would have sounded the depths of her own inherent strength and man's weakness, and never have dropped that apple till she had discovered her own right to supremacy and man's to servitude. She would have begun at the bottom right, taken the bit between her teeth, and ruled from the first as she intends to rule now; and she would never have gone out of the garden till she had a building lot, or a first mortgage in some neighboring county.

But it was ordered otherwise, and now man must suffer for it. He has our sympathies; but turn about is fair play, and when he has been under dog in the fight for a while the range of his own sympathies may be somewhat enlarged.

Strawa slow which way the wind blows, and the trend of public opinion is plainly indicated in the present loud and eminently proper call for the elision of the word obey from the marriage service. It is a relic of barbarism, and it is high time that it was eliminated. The very mention of the word in connection with the woman of today is an anomaly.

She is no longer a vassal but a peer. There is no gainsaying the fact that she has proved her right to be recognised as the most important factor in the life we live. She has the graces and goodness that are the especial and peculiar attributes of her sex, and the intellectual force and activity of the other, with an added subtlety of instinct and firmness of perception which assuredly stamp her the superior of anything the universe has yet produced.

The idea of expecting or asking such a creature to obey anybody, is flat blasphemy. If she, in her infinite mercy condescends to marry so commonplace a creature as man, let him be thankful and take her upon any terms. Let him bless his stars that he is not altogether abolished and blotted out.

Thanks to noble woman he is merely relegated to his proper position and sphere; and in that millennial future that is so rapidly approaching, the husband, although no wife's stockings, and looking after the larder, he will fill his humble place in the scheme of things. He will

"Learn to labor and to wait,"

for his wife to come home from the club. He will let her in when she loses her latch-key, guide her uncertain steps up the erratic staircase, take off her boots and put her to bed as she has so often done for him

"In the happy days long gone."

And knowing the blessings in store for him, we have no doubt the husband of the future will be only too glad of the chance to swear not only to love, honor and cherish, but also to obey.

CHASED BY FLAME.

(New York Sun.)

'I don't expect to live much longer, and when I am dead I want you to put in the papers the story of that ride I had from Prospect to Brockton in 1849.'

The speaker was Duff Brown, an old locomotive engineer, who was lying at his home in Portland, this country, dying of consumption. This was several weeks ago. On the 7th of this month he died. He was nearly 60 years old. His story of the awful ride is this:

'In 1869 I was running a mixed train on the Buffalo, Corry and Erie railway. The track between Prospect or Mayville Summit and Brockton Junction is so crooked that, while the distance is actually not more than ten miles, the curves make it by rail fourteen. The grade for the whole distance is over seventy feet to the mile.

'About 9 o'clock on the night of August 17th, we reached the Station with a train of two passenger cars, six oil cars, and a box car. The latter contained two valuable trotting horses, and their keepers with them, on their way, I believe, to the Cleveland meeting. There were fifty or sixty passengers in the two cars. I got the signal from the conductor to start, and I pulled out. We had got under considerable headway, when, looking back, I saw that an oil car in the middle of the train was on fire. I reversed the engine and whistled for breaks. The conductor and brakeman jumped off. They uncoupled the passenger cars and set the brakes on them, bringing them to a stop. Supposing that the brakes on the burning oil cars would also be put on, I called to the brakeman on the box car to draw the coupling pin between the car and the head oil tank, backing so that he could do it, intending to run far enough away to save the box car and the locomotive. As I ran on down the hill, after the pin had been drawn, what was my horror to see that the burning cars were following me at a speed that was rapidly increasing. The men had not succeeded in putting on the brakes. I saw that the only thing to be done was to run for it to Brockton, and the chances were that we would never reach there at the speed we would be obliged to make around those sharp reverse curves, where we had never run over twenty miles an hour.

'When I saw the flaming cars—for the whole six were on fire by this time—plunging after me, and only a few feet away, I pulled the throttle open. The oil cars caught me, though, before I got away. They came with full force against the rear of the car, smashing in one end and knocking the horses and their keepers flat on the floor. The heat was almost unbearable, and, do my best, I couldn't place more than thirty feet between the pursuing column of fire and ourselves. By the light from the furnace, as my fireman opened the door to pile in the coal, I caught sight of the face of one of the horsemen in the box car, he having climbed up to the grated opening in the end. It was as pale as death, and he begged me for the love of God to put on more steam. I was giving her then all the steam she could carry, and the grade itself was enough to carry us down at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We went so fast that the engine couldn't pump. Every time we struck one of those curves the old girl would almost run on one set of wheels, and why in the world she didn't topple over is something I never could understand. She seemed to know it was a race of life and death, and worked as if she were alive.

'The night was dark, and the road run through the woods, deep rock cuts and along high embankments. There we were, thundering along at lightning speed, and, only a few miles behind us, that fiery demon in full pursuit. There were fifty thousand gallons of oil in those tanks, at least, and it was all in flame, making a flying avalanche of fire five hundred feet long. The flames leaped into the air nearly a hundred feet. Their roar was like that of some great cataract. Now and then a tank would explode with a noise like cannon, when a column of flame and pitchy smoke would mount high above the body of the flames, and showers of burning oil would be scattered about in the woods. The whole country was lighted up for miles around.

'Well, it wasn't long, going at the rate we made, before the lights of Brockton came in sight down the valley. The relief I felt when these came in view was short lived, for I remembered that train No 8, on the Lake Shore, would be due at the Junction just about the time we would reach it. No. 8 was the Cincinnati express. Our only hope, all along during the race, had been that the switchman at the Junction would think far enough ahead to open the switch there, connecting the cross-cut track with the Lake Shore track, and let us run in on the latter, where the grade would be against us, if anything, and where we could soon get out of the way of the oil cars. The switch, of course, would be closed now for the express, and our last hope was gone, and the express was our fate, or somebody had sense enough to flag it. While we were thinking of this we saw the express tearing along toward the Junction. Could we reach the Junction, get the switch, and the switch be set back before we got there? If not, there would be an inevitable crash, in which not only we but scores of coming passengers might be hurled to death. All this rule, as genial in its influence, and as mild and gentle in its ways and works as the individual and typical woman has ever been.

'Good heavens!' I said to my fireman, 'what are we to do now?'

'The fireman promptly replied—and he was a brave little fellow—that I should whistle for the switch and take the chances. I did so. The whistle was one long prolonged yell of agony. It was a shriek that seemed to tell us that our brave old engine knew our danger and had her fears. Neither the fireman nor myself spoke another word.

'Thanks be to God! The engineer on the express train, seeing us tearing down the mountain with an engine on fire and a mass of oil in flames of us knew in a moment that only one thing could save us. He whistled for brakes, and got his train to stand not ten feet away from the switch. The switchman now answered our signal, and we shot in on the Shore track and whizzed on up by the depot and through the place like a rocket. The burning cars followed us in, of course, but their race was run. They had no propelling power now, and after chasing us for a mile they gave up the pursuit, and in three hours there was nothing left of them but smoking ruins.

'My fireman and I were so weak when we brought our locomotive to a stop that we could not get out of the cab. The two horsemen were unconscious in the box car. The horses were ruined. And how long do you think we were in making that sixteen miles? We ran two miles up the Lake Shore track. Just twelve minutes from the Summit to the spot where we stopped? A plumb eighty miles an hour, not counting the time lost in getting under headway and stopping beyond Brockton.'

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

[The Graphic.]

It is always *his* mother-in-law upon whom sarcasm spends its random ineffectual shots. *Her* mother-in-law escapes. With many egotism editors and writers, who are invariably and hopelessly masculine, remorselessly put the stale slanders in cold type and assume that their mothers are perfect mothers-in-law. "Are we not their sons?" Assuredly not. But wives are proverbially known to be imperfect; hence their mothers are more so. Who ever knew a wife that could cook like "*my* mother," or make a shirt that set like "mother's" or darn socks so that they wouldn't hurt the tender feet? I will not do it, I don't see why you can't." The wife being so faulty, what can her mother be?

It is never disagreeable to him to hear *his* mother say that "Mary Jane dresses too much," "that Mary Jane entertains too much" "that she is extravagant in her house keeping, careless in the management of her children" "too demonstrative," or the reverse. Oh! no, it is *his* mother and she must know. But let *her* mother but hint in the kindest manner that "George stays out too late," or that the "club is too expensive for a young man just starting in life, with his own way to make;" "that his cigar bills would suffice to bring many a little luxury under the king-pin and high cockalorum of the roost, may still continue to be useful if not ornamental.

Many women have recently testified in letters to the daily press, of the practical uses to which husbands can be put, and in his homely way, rocking the cradle, darning his wife's stockings, and looking after the larder, he will fill his humble place in the scheme of things. He will

"Learn to labor and to wait,"

for his wife to come home from the club. He will let her in when she loses her latch-key, guide her uncertain steps up the erratic staircase, take off her boots and put her to bed as she has so often done for him

"In the happy days long gone."

And knowing the blessings in store for him, we have no doubt the husband of the future will be only too glad of the chance to swear not only to love, honor and cherish, but also to obey.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

How a Telegraph Error "Worked" the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle.

The other day, while the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle was traveling on a railroad just completed through a hitherto 'unopened-to-the-world' section of Arkansaw, a man wearing high top boots and a long 'yaller' jeans coat, sat down by him and attempted to engage the good man in conversation. There is a great deal of the Engishman in Mr. Mulkittle's character. He would travel all day and never throw off the cloak of severe reserve if allowed to do so, and when the roughly dressed man sat down by him he moved uneasily in his seat. The man noted this sign with something of encouragement, and when he smiled the curved lines on his cheeks made his mouth look as though it were set in parentheses.

'How far air you goin'?' asked the man. Again Mr. Mulkittle moved uneasily and pretended to devote himself to a newspaper.

'I ask, cap'n, how far air you goin'?'

'I know what you ask, sir. I am not feeling very well to-day, and with your kind permission I prefer to be left alone.'

'I rekin so. Whar did you git on?'

'None of your business.'

'Pears to me like it is my business,' and placing a rude hand on Mr. Mulkittle's shoulder, he said, 'You sir my prisoner!'

'Your prisoner!' gasped the minister.

'What do you mean, sir?'

'Don't eut no scallops with me, cap'n. You think I don't know you, but you air mistaken. I've been layin' for you some time.'

'What have I done?' demanded Mr. Mulkittle, attempting to rise.

'Set down, air. You know what you've done. If you've forgot, why the folks at Hickory Flat will remind you.'

'I was never at Hickory Flat in my life, sir.'

'I expected you to kick, cap'n. You didn't come thar last month an' beat Colonel Mainly outen a watch, eh?'

'Never saw Colonel Mainly in my life. Make these people sit down. I don't want a crowd around me.'

'Didn't beat ole man 'Lias Gregg outen two weeks' board, oh no. Oh, I know you Nick Payton. Here's a man who lives in the Flat, Mr. Morgan, who is a fine fellar!'

Mr. Morgan, after a moment's scrutiny, replied: 'That's him,' and after rubbing his spectacles, added: 'I swar ter it. He wanted ter git board at my house, but I turned him away, 'cause why? His clothes were too sleek. I like a straightfor'ard man, but when a feller comes around with a 'spicious shine and sleek duds I feel 'spicious.'

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Mulkittle, becoming aroused to a true sense of his unenviable position, 'I am sorry that you so misjudge me, I have no doubt but that some rascal has imposed upon you, and I assure you that no one sooner than I would assist you in bringing him to justice, but I am innocent. I am a minister of the gospel, and live in Little Rock. If you stop at the next station and let me send a telegram to the Governor of the State, he will identify me as the Rev. Mulkittle, pastor of St. Simon Church.'

'The next station is Hickory Flat,' replied the officer, 'an' we will tillygraf from thar. If your name is what you say it is, you may go.'

The train soon reached the station, and the minister, followed by a crowd, sought the telegraph office.

'How will this do?' said Mr. Mulkittle.

'Have arrested a man for one Nick Payton. Says that his name is the Rev. Mulkittle. Do you know him?' Now, continued the minister, 'sign your name to this and send it.'

The officer thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement, affixes his signature and handed the message to the operator. A few moments afterwards the dispatch was received in Little Rock as follows:

'Have arrested a man for Nick Peyton. Says his name is Robt. Mulkmiller. Do you know him?'

Mr. Mulkittle waited impatiently but confidently. After a while the operator announced that the dispatch was at hand, and then he wrote the following;

'Don't know the man, but think he is wanted here. Hold him until the officers from here arrive.'

Mr. Mulkittle groaned and sank upon a bench. The crowd gathered around and commented on his appearance.

'Bad lookin' man,' said old Driver, the blacksmith. 'Dangerous eye an' a mighty bad mouth.'

'Wouldn't trust him ten steps,' said old Morgan. 'Whar's old Gregg an' his darter? They can identify him?'

A messenger was sent for Gregg and the young lady who had been so shamefully treated. When the girl saw Mr. Mulkittle, she screamed and threw her arms around him.

'Oh, Nick, don't try to disguise yourself. Oh, why did you run away from me. Promise that you will marry me now.'

'Look out, Miss; look out,' gasped Mr. Mulkittle, trying to shove her away. 'You are certainly a very improper young woman. Don't make yourself ridiculous. I never saw you before.'

'You kaint say that and tell the real truth,' said old Gregg. 'You've changed yourself around a little, but you air the same man. I don't so must mind the board bill, he owes me, gentlemen, but I'll be blamed ef any man shall tamper with the 'fections of that gal, thar. A tender hearted critter as ever lived, she is, an' this man has pizened her life. She won't never be happy without him, an' I ax you all of you air goin' to let a man come into the community an' destroy the happiness of a likely gal? I wanter know ef you won't see this wrong righted? I ax ef you won't all jine in an' make him marry this heart broken gal?'

Here the girl pressed Mr. Mulkittle's head against her excited self and wept over him.

'Look out, young woman,' he exclaimed, freeing himself. Gentlemen, I have a wife and three children at home, which aside from the fact that I never saw the bold young woman before, much less made overtures to her, would place me beyond any possible matrimonial alliance.'

'He's tellin' a lie,' shouted old Gregg, 'for he told us he was a widower. Go fetch the license somebody, an' we'll make him marry, no matter of the governor does want him.'

'Gentlemen,' implored the minister, 'do not act in a manner so rash.'

'I'll git the license,' exclaimed old Gregg, and he started off at a trot. He soon returned with the papers and a circuit rider. 'Take your place thar,' said the old man.

The girl seized Mr. Mulkittle and attempted to drag him.

'Great God! this won't do. Confound the telegraph wires; there must have been a terrible mistake. Give me one more chance gentlemen. Send one more dispatch.'

They agreed and he wrote:

'Governor, I am arrested here by mistake for a man named Nick Payton. Please say who I am. Mulkittle.'

In a few minutes the reply came:

'First dispatch received wrong. Mulkittle is one of our best known preachers. Liberate him at once.'

'That settles it,' said the officer. 'You ken go.'

'Oh, ye generation of vipers,' said the minister, as he stood on the rear platform of a train which fortunately came along, 'I have prayed for the world's redemption, but I shall ever make an exception of this infernal place. Oh, ye generation of vipers.'—(Arkansas Traveller.

PRICKING A PACHYDERM.

[Boston Transcript.]

'Good evening, Mary. I'm delighted to see you. How do you do?'

'Oh!' replied Mrs. Brown in an absent-minded manner. 'Oh! good evening, Mrs. Pachyderm. Are you pretty well to day?'

'Me?' cried Mrs. Pachyderm, striking an attitude. 'Well, I should say so. Never better in my life. I just came from Mis' Tuberole's—she's going fast, and won't be here long—and I was telling her how well and strong I was nowadays. It made me feel ever so much better, I really believe, you know, to see her so thin and miserable.'

'Very likely.'

'Why, what are you thinking about?' exclaimed Mrs. Pachyderm, noting Mrs. Brown's abstracted manner.

'Oh, nothing,' replied Mrs. B.; 'I was only wondering if I ever made an invalid a y worse to hear a well person boast of her health.'

'What an idea! I'm sure I don't know. What a woman you are, Mary, to conjure up things that nobody else would think about! But, talking of Mis' Tubercle, I should die if my house looked like hers. Just because a woman's sick, it's no use to let her house look like a rideout. But Mis' Tuberole never was the neatest person that ever lived; and you know that as well as I do, Mary.'

'You know I have so much to attend to in my own house, Mrs. Pachyderm, that I have no time for other people's affairs.'

'And it's lucky you don't,' replied Mrs. Padhyderm; 'it's lucky you don't. It's enough to make one disgusted to go into a house like Mis' Tubercle's for instance. If she had the spunk of a louse, she'd have thing sidied up. I know I would, if I had to get out of bed and do it myself. But some folks, you know—'

Mrs. Pachyderm did not complete the sentence, the recollection of the Tubercle homestead robbing her of all power of adequate utterance.

'Oh, by the way,' she continued, after a pause, 'I just saw Mr. Sermonizer. What a fool he made of himself at Mrs. Ferdy's fu-neral! I really praised her up to the nines. One would think she was a born saint, to hear him run on.'

'Mrs. Ferdy was a good woman,' remarked Mrs. Brown.

'Oh, she was good enough, I suppose; but what's the use of his trying to make her out other than what she was? When he spoke of her liberality, I thought I should snicker right out. Everybody knows she was just as mean as she could be. Why, they do say she actually deprived herself of the necessaries of life. Ferdy's close-fisted enough, the Lord knows; but he was willing to do all he could for her; but she was so confounded stingy she wouldn't have it. Cureall, who would have brought her around all right in a week or two, but stuck to old Dr. Homebody, just because he was a little cheaper. It made me almost mad to hear Mr. Sermonizer praise her up so. I don't see why a minister can't go to a funeral without piling on the agony, do you, Mary?'

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Brown replied, 'If anything good can be said of the dead, why not say it? Do you know, Mrs. Pachyderm, it almost makes me angry to hear anybody speak ill of the dead and rake up all their little faults and peculiarities. When I hear anybody talk that way, I say, I almost feel angry, and I suppose I should get angry and say something hatsuful if I didn't reflect that they did n't know any better.'

'Just the other way 't is with me, Mary,' said Mrs. Pachyderm, eagerly, 'just the way 'tis with me, and I feel just the same when anybody tries to exalt a woman to the seventh heaven just because she's dead. But Mr. Sermonizer probably does n't believe more'n half he says.'

'Perhaps he didn't know Mrs. Ferdy as well as you.'

'Nonsense! Everybody knows what she was. She was liberal enough where it paid to be liberal. She was willing enough to give where she'd get it all back again, and more besides. Mr. Sermonizer must know her! This world's full of humbugs, Mary. Nobody dares to say what they think.'

'It's fortunate they don't if they can't think good of their kind.'

'Oh, what's the use of being mealy-mouthed, and try to smooth every thing over? I believe in speaking right out.'

'So I perceive,' remarked Mrs. Brown, quietly.

'Yes, I do, Mary. Now, there's Sarah Scarboro. She called at Mis' Ferdy's every day for two weeks before she died, treating her just like a baby, and the day of the funeral she fussed about the room, fixing the flowers on the coffin and talking to Ferdy children, till it made me fairly sick. She needn't try to make me think she didn't know Nelly Ferdy.'

'Yes,' remarked Mrs. Brown, abstractedly, 'Sarah is